



THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. week 21 June 1961

TIPS FOR PANICKY CABBIES

BY MARY MACPHERSON

WHAT'S SO FASCIST ABOUT HYENAS?

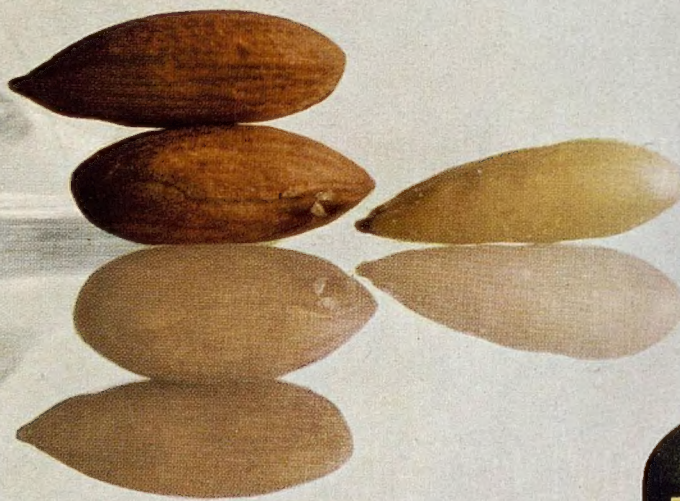
BY CLAUD COCKBURN

PLASTICS THAT BEAT PREJUDICE

BY ILSE GRAY



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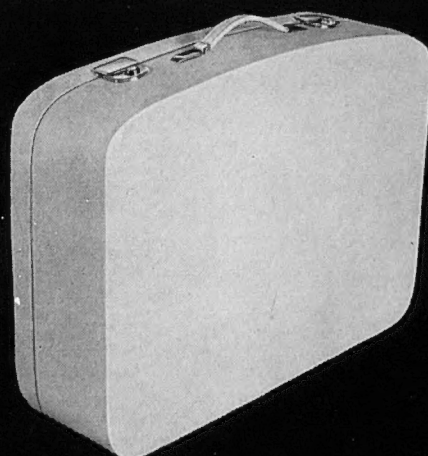
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& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3121

21 JUNE 1961

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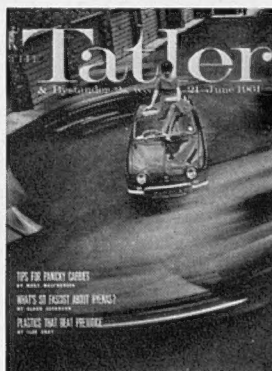
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THE MORE THINGS CHANGE

... the more necessary it is to learn to adapt to the new situation. That's the point of departure for Mary Macpherson's *Tips for panicky cabbies* (page 700) in which nine confirmed taxi riders offer helpful comment to old-style drivers faced with the mini-cab invasion of Central London this week. But some of the best changes come about slowly; it has taken a decade or three for plastics to overcome the distaste occasioned by all those ashtrays and fruit bowls got up to look like walnut and mahogany. These days it's hard to find a household article that isn't made of some kind of vinyl or acetate ... hence *Plastics that beat prejudice* (page 710) with text by Ilse Gray and pictures by Priscilla Conran. Sometimes people resist change successfully. That's what happened in Paddington where the Waterways Amenities Association defeated a project to build six multi-storey blocks of flats over the Regent's Canal. It wasn't just a victory for the forces of reaction, the protagonists involved have fanned a revival of community spirit in the district and the first fruit is a special Festival that opens tomorrow. The full story is told with pictures by Romano Cagnoni & Alan Vines in *Little Venice Preserved* (page 706). Change enters the world of fashion too; not that the clothes have altered, only the locale. Peter Clark took the pictures at the British Trade Fair in Moscow and Maureen Williamson sets the scene in *To Russia with intent* (page 713). There's one thing that hasn't altered though—this business of giving a dog a bad name. Claud Cockburn sets out to put the record straight in *What's so fascist about hyenas?* (page 704) with drawings by Haro. ...

The cover:



Minicabs arrive this week; London's first new form of public transport for 50 years. Welbeck Motors Ltd. will have 200 on the streets by 19 June and numbers are likely to rise to 500 in a few weeks with a possible total of 800 radio-linked cabs by the end of the year. Advantages: a flat rate of 1s. a mile, no extras, no charge for return journeys, no limit on journey. Will the regular cabs fight back? See page 700. Michael Boys took the cover picture

Next week: New life of the City churches. ... How far is Wimbledon? ...

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 26 June—8 July.

Victoria League Centenary Ball, 27 June.

Dancing Matinée by Miss Dorice Stainer's pupils, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, Scala Theatre, 2 p.m. (tombola opens 1 p.m.), 5 July. (Tickets 5s. to 2 gns. from Lady Irene Astor, 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1.)

Jazz Concert, "An Evening with Johnny Dankworth," Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 7 July, in aid of the London Branch of the Red Cross. (Tickets, Royal Festival Hall and agencies.)

RACE MEETINGS

Catterick Bridge, today; Windsor, Yarmouth, today & tomorrow; Doncaster, Newbury, 23, 24; Newcastle, 22-24; Worcester, 24; Redcar, 26; Brighton, Wolverhampton, 26, 27; Alexandra Park, 28; Liverpool, 28, 29; Carlisle, 28-30.

CRICKET

Second Test Match, England v. Australia, Lord's, 22-27 June.
Somerset v. Australians, Taunton, 28-30 June.

GOLF

Scottish Ladies Amateur Championship, St. Andrew's, to 23 June.

POLO

Duke of Sutherland Cup, Cowdray Park, 25 June.

YACHTING

Clyde Fortnight, to 1 July.
National 18 ft. Dinghy Championship, Swansea, to 24 June.

ATHLETICS

London Clubs v. Rhineland Cities, White City, 28 June.

MUSICAL

Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, Covent Garden, *The Stone Flower*, tonight & tomorrow, 7.30 p.m.; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 23, 24, 26 June, 7.30 p.m. (mat. 2 p.m. 24 June); *Giselle*, 27, 28, 29 June, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Light Music Festival (fourth concert), 7.30 p.m., 24 June; Beethoven concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra with Daniel Wayenberg (piano), 8 p.m., 26 June; Piano recital by Tamas Vasary, 8 p.m., 27 June. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Allegri String Quartet with Mary Verney (piano), 7 p.m., 25 June. (MAY 5091.)

Sadler's Wells. *La Vie Parisienne* 7.30 p.m., mat. Sat. 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.) To 8 July.

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead. Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 24 June.

ART

Summer Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House.

Daumier paintings & drawings, Tate Gallery.

Barbara Hepworth, recent sculpture, Gimpel Fils. To 24 June. (See Galleries, page 727).

William Copley, new paintings, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St.

Henry Moore carvings, New London Gallery (opens Friday).

AUCTION SALES

Christie's. Jewels, today; 19th-century pictures, 23 June; English & Continental porcelain, 26 June; Books & manuscripts, 28 June. (TRA 9060.)

FESTIVALS

International Folklore Festival, Folkestone, to 24 June.



An early drawing by Matisse, Two female figures, from a mixed exhibition of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists at the Biggins Gallery, Old Bond Street. Other artists represented include Degas, Maillol and Toulouse-Lautrec. For reviews of the latest exhibitions see page 727

Lambeth Festival, to 25 June.

"Taynton 61," opera & ballet festival, Taynton, Glos, to 24 June.
Aldeburgh Festival, 28 June - 9 July.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court. *The Kitchen*, 27 June.
Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *They Might Be Giants*, 28 June.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Coolman. For this week's see page 721.

The Sound Of Music. "... The tunes of Mr. Richard Rodgers may be counted on to carry it to popularity ... but it seems a little sad that it should seem so much like a betrayal of the American musical." Constance Shacklock, Jean Bayless, Janice Gayson, Harold Kasket. (Palace Theatre, GER 6834.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 722.

Ballad Of A Soldier. "Beautifully directed. Human nature, this lovely film brought home to me, is human nature everywhere, no matter what the prevailing politics." Vladimir Ivashov, Shanna Prokhorenko. (Curzon Cinema, GRO 3737.)

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES LATE

Tables under the trees

Douglas Sutherland

EVEN IN ENGLAND THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE but pleasant to eat out of doors. This week I have been making a tour of the clubs and restaurants where you can do this. There are not many of them but those that there are are very good indeed.

Take the **Mirabelle** in Curzon Street for example. I suppose the late Erwin Schlegel, who died only a few weeks back, will be talked about with bated breath by gourmets and wine connoisseurs for a long time yet. I believe, too, that his influence will live on for many years after him, for he was as careful in his selection of staff as he was in everything else. There are few more pleasant ways of spending a summer evening, if you have to be in London, than dawdling over the coffee and brandy in the charming garden restaurant of the Mirabelle. It produces a state of relaxed euphoria in which even the bill seems unimportant—which is fortunate, for it is unlikely to work out at much less than £5 a head.

Two other top luxury spots with "eating out" facilities are **Les Ambassadeurs** and the **Twenty One Club** in Chesterfield Place—both of them clubs. Striking feature of the Twenty One Club garden is a stream that rises just at the back of Curzon Street and disappears underground again somewhere near Charles Street. The tables are placed under trees along the bank, which sounds an improbable set-up to come across in the heart of Mayfair but it is there sure enough. Moreover the stream is well stocked with trout that you can catch in a butterfly net for your dinner. I suspect manager Paddy O'Brien who hails from the fisherman's paradise of Kenmare, in Ireland, regards this as a rather unsporting proceeding but accepts it philosophically as all part of the Twenty One Club service. Incidentally it is also a residential club and, O'Brien tells me, the newly decorated rooms are proving highly popular.

Les Ambassadeurs is of course the Mecca of the pretty and rich visiting these islands and its laid-out gardens with outdoor tables and alfresco cocktail bar are conceived on a truly Hollywood scale. Proprietor John Mills has taken advantage of the reshaping of his gardens due to the Hyde Park Corner development scheme to create a completely new layout with even more splendid facilities than before. A small club



Eydie Gorme & Steve Lawrence, husband and wife singing team from America, are at the Pigalle for the next month

now building a big reputation is the **New Yorker** which is in Park Lane just below the Dorchester. The name is something of a misnomer for the ambience is entirely Austrian and the clientele made up mostly of those who work or play in or around Mayfair.

This week they open their roof garden which is just above bus-top level overlooking Hyde Park. This is an exceptionally good club where prices are low enough for the average citizen to use the place regularly.

Management is in the capable hands of Joszi, who dresses the part in *lederhosen* and with his Austrian assistant Ilse takes time off from supervising your meal to sing songs in almost any language. Specialities of the house include typical dishes like *Champignons Frites* (mushrooms deep fried in butter and lager beer) at 5s. 6d. No dish is more than half-a-guinea and the wines are equally inexpensive.

Finally, though it is not truly out-of-doors, mention should be made of the **River Club** on the Embankment. Here the big glass windows fronting on the river can be slid back to give an entrancing view and an unusual setting for a cool night out.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Sophie Tucker's last show, Saturday.

Johnny Ray opens on Monday.

The Ten O'Clock Follies always there.

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Shani Wallis*

Society (REG 0565) *Jan McArt,*

American singer

Quaglinos (WHI 6767) *The Burt*

Twins, Simon & Timothy with

songs at the piano

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Cy Grant & the Savoy Dancers for one week only*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Hutch*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Max Wall & supporting bill*

Winston's Club (REG 5411)

Danny La Rue produces and

stars in This Is Your Nightlife

Astor (GRO 3181) *Lovelace Watkins,*

American singer with supporting bill

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Tables in town

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Café Royal Restaurant, Regent Street, W.1. (WHI 2373.) Steak Burgundy is now on the menu: a shining copper pot of boiling oil set on a spirit lamp; a segmented plate to hold three sauces, *Bearnaise*, *Choron*, and *Barbecue*; *Pommes Allumettes*, and a salad; a skewer and a dish of fillets of prime steak. Spike the fillet, cook it to your own fancy, dip it in the sauces, and eat piping hot. And to drink with it? I agree with Mr. Charles Forte's choice, the Portuguese *Matteus Rosé*. Verdict? Original, amusing to do, and jolly good. W.B.

The Empress, Berkeley Street, W.1. (MAY 6126.) An amiable addition to London's top flight of luxury restaurants. The décor is both original and charming, and the food excellent, with a wine list to match. Open for theatre suppers, but no dancing. The cost is up to you, but the regular main course is about 15s. Mario Gallati is managing director, and Negri, from L'Ecu de France, the manager. W.B.

The Galleon Club, Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster. C.S. Booking essential. (WHI 3232.) Founded in 1932, this luncheon club moved into its present spacious and luxurious premises a little time ago. The food is first class, as is the cellar. It is not cheap, but gives value for money. The service is excellent. It is a male sanctuary, but ladies are admitted after 5 p.m., and the bar is open until 8 p.m. Membership particulars from the secretary, Mr. John Olivieri.

Tables by the river

With the Thames steadily gaining in popularity, here is a riverside "where-to-eat" list. It is wise to book, especially at weekends.

Wallingford (near): Shillingford Bridge Hotel (Warborough 387)

Sunning: French Horn (Tel. 2204)

White Hart (Tel. 2277)

Hurley: Ye Olde Bell (Tel. 244)

Henley: Cherub (Tel. 1587)

Closed Mondays

Bray: Hind's Head

(Maidenhead 567)

Streatley: Swan (Goring 39)

Maidenhead: Thames Hotel

(Tel. 1126)

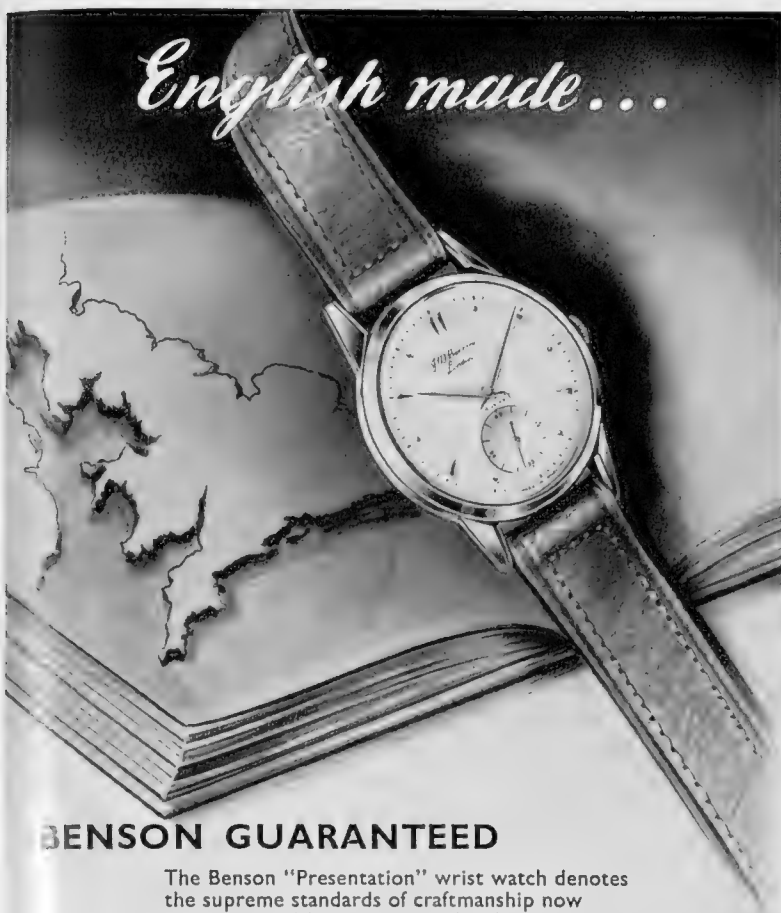
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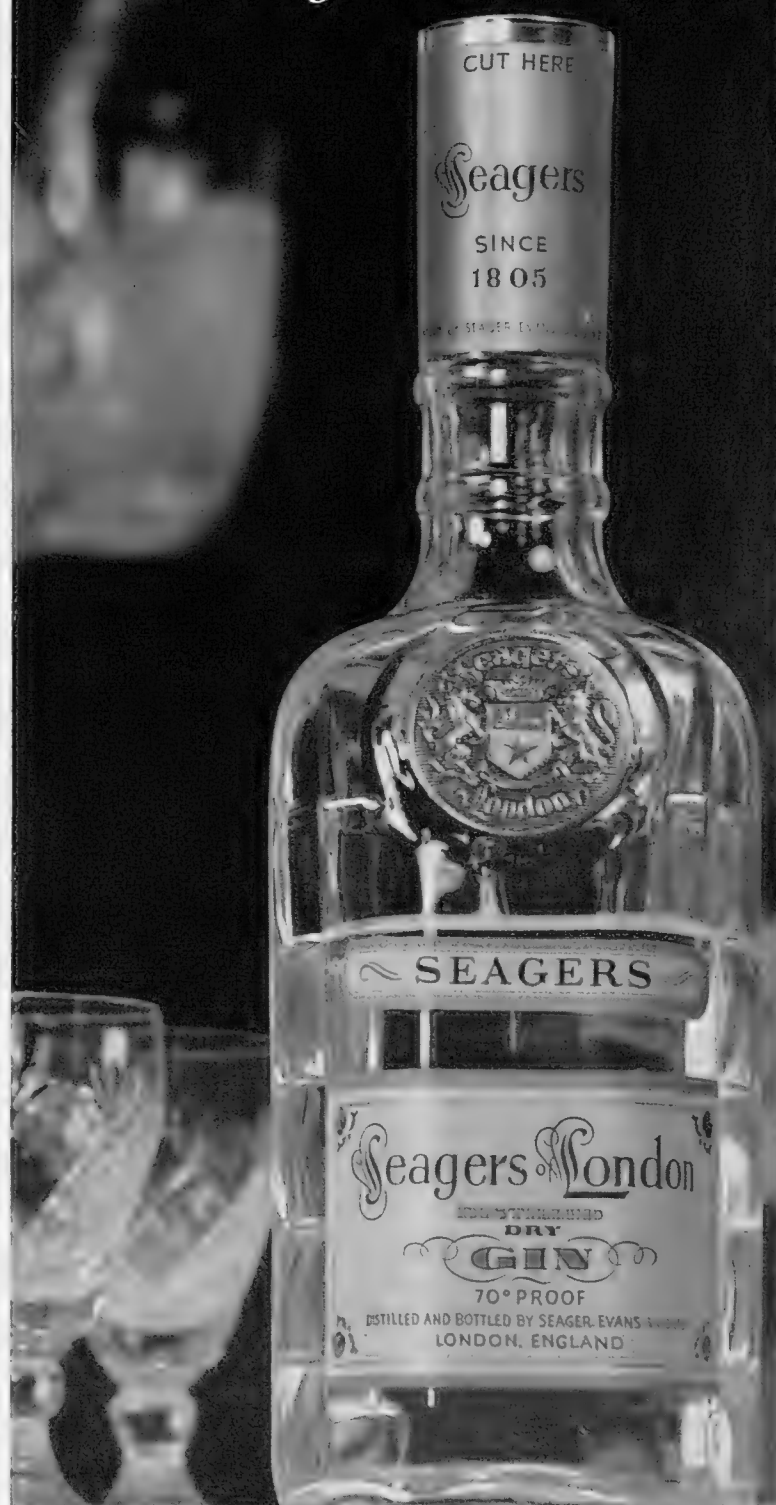
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I WROTE RECENTLY OF PLACES WHICH WERE AUGUST POSSIBILITIES, especially for family holidays. Not long ago, a couple—without family—were asking me where to travel—also in August—for a rest. Now, people do not always mean what they say by the word “rest.” But for those who are prepared to be taken literally (and I even include a saving clause for those who aren’t), there is a new suggestion: Vittel, in the foothills of the Vosges.

Vittel is one of the five main spas of France, though smaller than Aix or Vichy. And it is the only one which is privately owned. Madame Bouloumié’s grandfather, tipped off by local peasants, discovered its curative springs back in 1854. Since then, her family have built up a delightful self-contained resort around the *source*, consisting of a golf course, hotels, an elegant arcade full of boutiques and two swimming pools (one Olympic open-air, the other enclosed in a solarium), all set in a prettily landscaped park on the outskirts of the little town of Vittel itself.

Though the waters are most famous for kidney ailments and are said to work wonders with mysterious pains in the back (not to mention the ubiquitous *mal de foie*), the Société have recently evolved an intelligent answer to a long-felt want; the *Cure de Détente*, whose English slogan is “Ten days to unwind.” This is nothing like so clinical as it sounds. You stay in one of four hotels (either room without board in the Grand, or *pension complet* in the Pavillon Cérés, the Nouvel or the Hotel des Thermes), and the Cure consists mainly of relaxation exercises and massage; afternoon siestas in tip-up chairs under the trees of Geremoy, the Cure headquarters; golf, tennis, swimming and a pleasant outdoor gymnasium. The price, starting at £55 for ten days, includes a medical check-up on arrival, free, and unlimited consultation with the doctor throughout and the attentions of a physiotherapist (who must, presumably, be up in psychology as well) to supervise your exercises. It also includes free access to the 18-hole golf course (which is a beauty, incidentally), the tennis courts, the swimming pools, and five free cracks at the Casino (hence the saving clause I mentioned in the first place).

Your fidelity to any *régime* which may be recommended to you is something between you and your vanity, in this land of gastronomy. It is the relaxation that counts, but in fact the participating hotels are geared to diet food and will presumably make it as painless as possible. I am told that even the most tangled-up of tycoons emerge after their ten days without a twitch.

Vittel has the advantage—at least in this context—of being 70 kilometres away from the nearest large town. The countryside around it—and it is deep country—is some of the most unspoiled and untrammelled in France; wooded, rolling, agrarian, farm-yardy, with that damply fragrant scent of roses and manure peculiar to rural France. Villages like Droiteval, Attigny, They and Hennezel where the red-tiled cottages cluster around an unpaved *place*, all nettles and hollyhocks, a public way for ducks, geese and scuttering hens; whose only centre is the First World War memorial, the pump, the church, the bistro and the fountain.

There are no restaurants that rate stars in Michelin, but one eats extremely well in the country bistros. At the Bonne Auberge, in the hamlet of Dombrot le Sec, you can walk into the kitchen and watch Madame Poinot, who cooks like an angel with a cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth, whip together a magnificent *quiche Lorraine*. Another speciality here is *truite aux amandes*. In the village of Thulliers, le Chevroche, a pocket-sized cottage lit only by candles, with an old water-wheel, deals also in trout and in fresh-water *écrevisses* from the stream at the bottom of the garden. In the tiny bistro at They there is not even a menu. You take pot luck at what amounts to a banquet. The evening I went there, it consisted of locally cured ham, *petits*

niçoises (hot pastry rolls filled with creamy cheese), asparagus with a *sauce mousseline* and a roast *filet de mouton*. After that I abdicated, though there was a *tarte aux pommes* and cheese. A Vin Grise accompanied this repast, the Grise being an off-pink *rosé* from the Moselle district, steely and clean. The bill for four people was 35 N.F., and I am assured that not even in the season, nor for the most chic of Parisians who frequent it, do the family who operate it put up the prices.

My last recommendation, though it is in fact the most superior of the restaurants, is the Residence at Hennezel, in the middle of a forest where the sun shines through the leaves in dappplings of pure Chartreuse. In addition to the local specialities of trout and *quiche Lorraine*, they do a *friture de poisson à l'estragon*, a *foie gras de canard*, and—in their brief August season—*écrevisse* cooked with Pernod. Specialities in the way of wine are Blanc de Blanc, Traminer, Moselle, and the locally-distilled Framboise and Mirabel—than which I have tasted none better.

The climate in this eastern part of France is much like our own, and the season for Vittel is accordingly brief. Officially it starts at the end of May and continues up to mid-September, but the time when it hums with Parisians is from 14 July to 15 August. Then, whether you are on the *Cure de Détente* or not, it is gay with polo matches (it has one of the few grounds in France), trotting races, golf matches and of course the Casino itself. The Casino is very much the hub of the town, good-natured and gregarious with baccarat, boule and roulette; suppers in the Salon; a big dance floor, a small night club and a cinema.

Though English visitors are welcomed and wanted in Vittel, you are unlikely, so far, to meet your next-door neighbour there. Normal rates at the Grand hotel are 81 N.F. a day for double room and private bath, including breakfast. At some others, as for example the pleasant Hermitage, on the golf course, 50 N.F., for the same.

I commend it simply because its Augusts are as gay as you could want, yet the machinery exists with which to relax medically if need be and because it and the country around is, essentially, simple. There is a good train service from Paris, leaving on the Arbalette Express at 6 p.m., and arriving in Vittel—with one change—at 10 p.m. Having found the train very crowded both ways, even in May, I advise reservations.



LOUIS FALQUET

If this is your idea of a rest cure, there are well-equipped gymnasiums in Vittel

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PERSONAL APPEARANCE

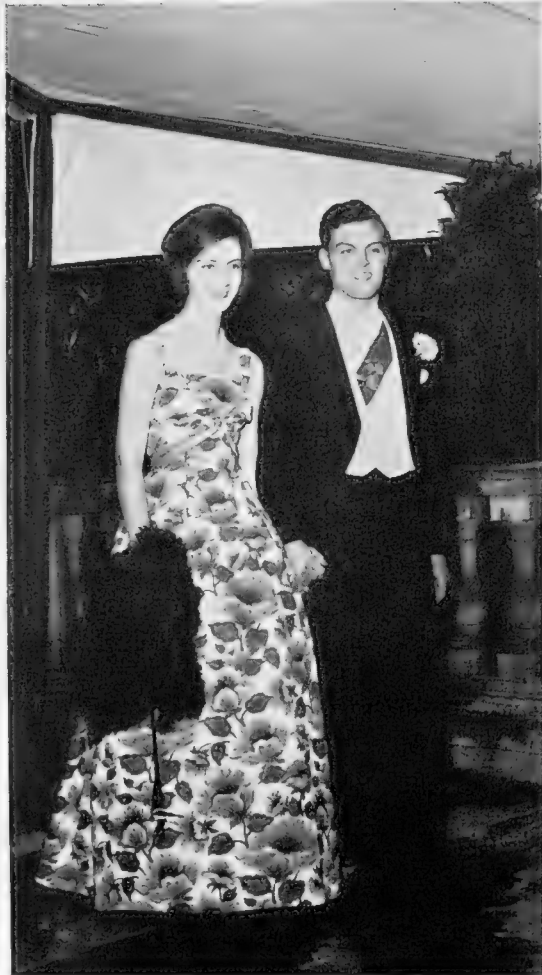
The busy week of the royal wedding at York ended for the Queen with an appearance on the balcony at Buckingham Palace after the Trooping the Colour ceremony that traditionally marks her official birthday. The Queen is 35. In her arms to watch the fly-past was 16-months-old Prince Andrew, making one of his rare public appearances. The Queen had just returned from taking the salute on Horse Guards' Parade in a ceremony that made history by being the first direct television live broadcast from London to Moscow. Trooping day was also Prince Philip's birthday and the Royal gun salutes in Hyde Park, at the Tower and by warships, were doubled in his honour



TRINITY BOAT CLUB BALL



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
TOM
HUSTLER



Mr. I. N. M. Hardy (secretary of the Ball committee) & Miss Susan Elam. Above: Mr. W. Marsden, Miss Sally Dupree, Miss Sally Farmer, Mr. N. Williamson, Mr. N. Hallings-Pott, Miss Margaret Hadow, Mr. R. Pardey, Miss Jill Stoker and Mr. G. C. Hutcheson

A June deluge kept boats and boatmen under cover and the cloisters of Great Yard (below) provided a much more attractive alternative to an outing on the river between dances at the First and Third Trinity Boat Club Ball



Umbrella for Miss Renata Dalman and Mr. E. Marschall. Below left: Miss Sally Dupree (no direct relation to the other Sally Dupree present) with Mr. P. Carson. Below: Miss Ingrid Hoyle-Geach with her fiancé, Mr. C. Hunt



Guests used a covered way to reach supper in the College Hall. Above: Miss Gabrielle Hanriot-Colin, Mr. S. C. Steward and attentive kitten at the milk bar



Miss Juliet Deakin, who shared the dance with Miss Virginia Lathbury, is with her father Major-Gen. C. M. F. Deakin. Below: Mr. Vincent Hedley Lewis helps Miss Diana Nickerson out of the gondola



GONDOLA PARTY

A harbour scene blossomed at the dance Lady Lathbury gave for her daughter Virginia and for Miss Juliet Deakin at Flagstaff House, her Walton-on-Thames home

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



Miss Malise Menzies & Mr. Jonathan Morley

Miss Penny Blyth, Mr. Bob Mullard & Mr. Mark Price



Miss Angela Pringle & Mr. Edward Jones



Mr. John Richards & Miss Lindy Martineau

The Viscount plans his voyage

by MURIEL BOWEN

Viscount De L'Isle, v.c., is going the leisurely way to Australia to take up his appointment as Governor-General. He sails on the *Orcades* on 5 July, arriving at Fremantle 3½ weeks later. "We know we're going to enjoy the sea voyage and we're all looking forward to it," Lady De L'Isle told me. Last time they were in Australia it was a flying visit. She is taking some furniture and pictures with her. She already knows Government House, Canberra, as she and her husband stayed there a couple of years ago with Field-Marshal Viscount Slim and his wife, so picking suitable things to take hasn't presented any problems.

Three of the De L'Isle daughters, Catherine, Anne, Lucy, are travelling with their parents. Philip joins them in early August; he flies out when his Cheshire school breaks up for the holidays. Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth, who married Mr. Oliver Colthurst last year, is taking over the running of the Penshurst Place estate while her parents are away. Quite a responsibility, but what fun for a 20-year-old to be mistress of one of the great houses of England and able to ask her friends to come and sup in the famous Elizabethan hall.

THE LOOK WAS ITALIAN

Flagstaff House sounds like some splendid outpost of Empire; it is in fact the home of the Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Command at Walton-on-Thames. And it was there that Lady Lathbury, wife of Gen. Sir Gerald Lathbury, the C.-in-C., and Mrs. Deakin, wife of Major General C. M. F. Deakin, gave a coming out dance for their daughters, Miss Virginia Lathbury and Miss Juliet Deakin. (See pictures on the opposite page.) It was a dance with an Italian theme. There was a "gondola" moored by the steps of the patio; drolled up with some velvet cushions from Lady Lathbury's drawing room it was the perfect place for sitting out on a nice, warm night. It amused alike the young and the not-so-young.

The hostesses provided the props (Lady Lathbury discovered the "gondola" forlorn and in need of a home) and Mrs. Philip Tower gave the marquees and surroundings an artistic Italian twist. Tim Clayton provided Italian music. A great crush of people; Miss Deakin recently through finishing school and Miss Lathbury, taking life lightly after two terms of pots and pans at Constance Spry's (her mother says she "adores cooking"), have lots of friends. The guests included: Viscount Hereford, Mr. Robin Holland-Martin, Mr. Michael Bourne, Miss Caroline St. Clair Ford, Miss Clare Schreiber, and Miss Rosie Thomson.

UMBRELLAS AT THE WEDDING

Umbrellas were out for Miss Gay Lowson when she arrived at Holy Trinity, Brompton for her wedding to the Earl of Kinnoull (*pictures overleaf*). Fortunately, though, in the South of France where they have been honeymooning the weather has almost made up for it. The bride's dress was of white satin and she was one of many recent brides who wore a coronet of white satin to keep her veil in place instead of the traditional tiara. The church was crowded, so too was Claridge's where the reception was held. Lord & Lady James Crichton-Stuart were there and so were Lady De Clifford, Lord & Lady Strathcarron and her daughter, Miss Virginia Curle.

Somebody I don't very often see at weddings, Sir Malcolm Sargent, was a great success with the page, Richard Onslow and the child bridesmaid, Nicola Davies. The three of them sat on a couch during the reception and found much to talk about. Miss Lowson told me before the wedding that it was quite a business outfitting the small page and bridesmaid as they kept growing! Sir Malcolm, always so spruce, so immaculate, would have been amused by that story. Master Onslow wore yellow silk trousers with frilled lawn blouse and Miss Davies had a white embroidered organza dress piped with mimosa yellow. Both very smart.

The grown-ups wore quite the prettiest dresses I've seen for a long time. They were in palest apple green, their full skirts appliquéd with organza flowers in a slightly paler shade. The girls were the bride's sister, Melanie, the Hon. Susan Remnant, Miss Clare Abel Smith, Miss Jane Bottomley, Miss Serena Fass, and Miss Katrin Bernstiel. It must have given Sir Denys Lowson & the Hon. Lady Lowson particular pleasure to see so many friends from the City. Indeed the wedding provided a pleasant change to an afternoon in the office for quite a collection of former Lord Mayors. In addition to Sir Denys, I saw Sir Edmund Stockdale, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd and Lady Ackroyd, and Sir Seymour Howard, there with Lady Howard.

Still more wedding guests: Capt. Joseph & Lady Venetia Davies, Lady June Onslow, Mr. & Mrs. John Dashwood, the Hon. Helen Rollo, and Mrs. M. Cunliffe-Fraser and her daughter, Valerie.

The Earl & Countess of Kinnoull have rented a furnished house near Oxford while they look for something of their own.

June has been a month of excitement for the Lowsons. First there was Gay's wedding. Then, last week, Melanie's 21st birthday party—a party of 48 for *The Sound Of Music* and then on to the Savoy (in more rain!) for after-theatre supper and dancing.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE



Lady Davina Kleinwort



Mrs. Stephen Charkham



Mrs. John Bardsley



The Hon. Helen Rollo

WEDDING HATS

Feathers and flowers in a gay turn-out at Holy Trinity, Brompton, for the marriage of the Earl of Kinnoull and Miss Gay Lowson

The bride & bridegroom



The bride's mother the Hon. Lady Lowson listens to Lord Strathcarron

Sir Denys Lowson (centre) with Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen & Lady James Crichton-Stuart



MURIEL BOWEN
continued

A NEW MACDONALD FOR SKYE

When **Major John Macdonald** of Tote and his bride, the former **Miss Imogen Micklethwait**, return from their honeymoon in the South of France they will be making their home in Skye. "My daughter is very adaptable and she's looking forward enormously to Skye," the **Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait** told me. They will also have a London house and they intend to hunt for one when winter comes to Skye. They married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The **Rt. Rev. David Cashman**, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, performed the ceremony and the Nuptial Mass was celebrated by the **Rt. Rev. Dr. Boisguerin**.

The bride was in white wild silk, her tulle veil falling from a diamond tiara lent by her aunt, **Baroness Beaumont**. Attending her were **David Shaw-Stewart** in his Royal Stewart kilt, and five little girls in frilled dresses, **Johanna Cameron**, **Amanda** and **Isabel Fitzalan-Howard**, **Catriona Emmet** and **Mary Miranda Hubbard**. A fine retinue, but not at full strength. One prospective bridesmaid went down with chicken pox. A page also took ill and his friend, a second page, stayed away in sympathy. The reception was at Claridge's; Mr. R. G. & the **Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait** receiving over 500 guests. **Lord Howard of Glossop** (from whose house the bride was married) was there and so were **Major Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple**, Adjutant of the

Grenadier Guards, & **Lady Anne-Louise Hamilton-Dalrymple**, the **Dowager Viscountess Allendale**, **Major & Mrs. Richard Micklethwait**, and **Lord & Lady Braye**.

A lavish luncheon buffet had plenty of salmon as it was Friday and many of the guests were Roman Catholics. But seeing them look longingly at the chicken in aspic, quick-thinking Bishop Cashman gave a general dispensation. The bride's mother had said there were to be no speeches. But when it came to the cutting of the cake **Brigadier the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard**, an Englishman, thought the occasion too good to miss. He said the bridegroom (resplendent in his kilt and full regalia) had to come to England for a wife, but being a farmer the English thought that he had only come to buy cattle! . . .

COCKTAILS ON THE WELLINGTON

Gwen Lady Melchett is losing no time in getting support for the Trafalgar Fair on 26 October, and her cocktail party for friends and helpers on board the Wellington was a brisk, businesslike affair. The **Hon. Mrs. Macalpine** speaking: "Fates and fortunes were a terrible flop last year . . . but don't let me dishearten you . . . there are so many other things . . . I've already gathered two cruises, innumerable weekends, goodness knows how many restaurant meals, and a transistor radio set."

PARTY TALK

Guests discussed the Bath Festival at a reception given at the nearby home of Lord & Lady Strathcona & Mount Royal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

Mr. Ted Leather, M.P., with Mr. & Mrs. S. Glazer

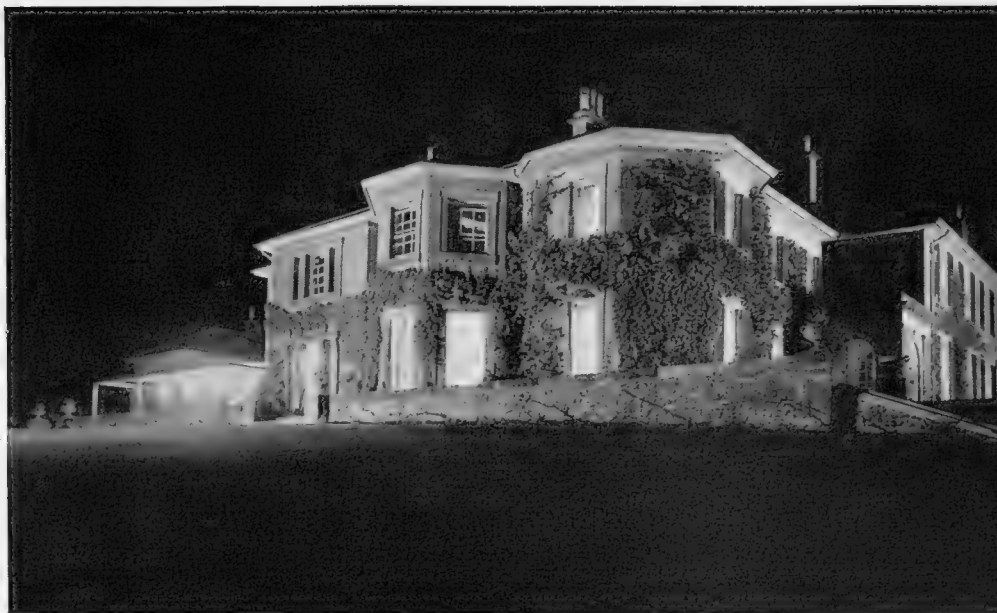


...allholders made individual appeals for their stalls. Mrs **Anona Winn** fairly let off a depth charge: "Send me just anything that appeals to a man, you know those lovely leather dressing cases and mother-in-law presents . . . and any really fancy American cosmetics, after-shave stuff that really smells, I find they go mad about them." The **Marchioness of Winchester** offered 100 gifts. **Countess Nelson** said she would do the "Nelson Touch" stall again.

MR. COLLINS TAKES OVER

Parties given by **Lady Harding of Petherton** are always gay, chatty and amusing. As a result everybody who has been invited turns up, even though, as happened on this occasion, it took taxis some time to find 1 Radlett Place where it was being held. This is the new home of Mr. & Mrs. **Norman Collins**, tucked away off Avenue Road, St. John's Wood. The party was to announce Mr. Norman Collins's acceptance of the presidency of the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, in succession to Lady Harding. She has held the position through the first four years of the Committee's existence, raising £18,000.

Cocktails were followed by a buffet supper and this gave the guests an opportunity of seeing Mr. & Mrs. Collins's new house which they had built last year. It has a delightful spiral staircase leading from a black and white-flagged hail,



Sharcombe Park near Wells was floodlit. Below: Lady Howick of Glendale with Lord & Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. Mrs. Purcell Young & Mrs. Guy Arengo were the joint hostesses



Miss S. Young & (right) Dr. E. E. Cunningham



and I liked the way it is set well back with a courtyard in front large enough to take about 20 cars. One of the people I met there was the **Earl of Bessborough**, just back from Moscow. He's persuaded Mr. Khrushchev to give independent television an interview.

NO HEADACHES AT THE HOUSE

Migraine I've always thought was associated with excessive use of brainpower. Apparently it is not so. I talked to **Dr. Nevil Leyton** about it at a party at the House of Commons. He runs the Putney Migraine Clinic, now so successful that it has a waiting list of two years. Migraine can strike people no matter whether they're brainy or dull and it's something that one, unfortunately, hears more and more about. The party at the House, given by Mrs. **Patricia McLaughlin, M.P.**, **Mr. John Rankin, M.P.**, and **Mr. R. Reader Harris, M.P.**, was to announce the opening of the world's first international centre for the preventive treatment of migraine. The announcement was made by the guest of honour, **Lt.-Gen. Mohammed Yousuf**, High Commissioner of Pakistan. "My wife suffers from migraine so I'm an indirect sufferer," he told me.

The new clinic, which will be free, is to be called the Wendy Leyton International Migraine Prevention Centre and it will be at Dr. Leyton's rooms in Harley Street.

Tips for panicky cabbies

BY MARY MACPHERSON

Traditional taxi-cabs have enjoyed a complacent and unrivalled sway over the roads of London since horses changed to horsepower. This week though, they face competition. Mini-cabs are storming the streets with new and potent weapons—a flat rate of 1/- a mile with no extras, elegantly uniformed drivers, attractively small and manoeuvrable cars. The old-type cabbies have up to now been able to display the same take-it-or-leave-it attitude as the Post Office or The Only Man in London who can get you tickets for "Beyond The Fringe." The Londoner's feeling for taxis tends, therefore, to be mixed. Nothing can surpass the wave of deep affection that sweeps over us as an empty cab looms up in a rainswept street; but nothing can turn that affection into ashes quicker than the words "I'm on my way home, miss—take you towards Euston, if you like." And while we are breathless with admiration at the dashing way our driver is getting us to the theatre on time, the man in the private car next to us is almost inevitably winding down his window in white-faced rage. The majority of taxi-drivers seem to be calmly (or angrily, according to the mood you catch them in) unworried by the Mini-cab Menace. "They don't know their way around like we do," they say complacently. But in case their complacency is ruffled, and they feel their service could be improved, we asked some experienced taxi-observers for tips. And no taxi-driver has ever objected to those.

Take
a
tip
from

✱

BARBARA GOALEN



"As a driver I would like them to be a little quicker when picking up fares in the middle of the street; it's so annoying when they block the road for ages. But I like to see them on the streets"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

OSBERT LANCASTER



"Present day taxis were designed for enormous Victorian families and their luggage—nowadays there is usually only one person travelling at a time. What we need is a small cheap cab that you can throw away after a couple of years"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

ANNA MASSEY



"I must say the vast majority of taxi-drivers are wonderfully polite. But there are a few who are so rude you could die. They could well improve their manners"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

STIRLING MOSS



"They could bring their charges down—for the short distances you travel I don't think any comfort they may offer is a particular advantage. As a passenger I think the drivers are very good"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

MARY QUANT



"They should really hand out false fingernails when you leave the cab... one always seems to break one's nails wrestling with the door. Failing that, they could well open the door themselves for you"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

MUIR AND NORDEN



"They should put hassocks on the floor. Taxi-drivers always insist on talking to us, which means we have to kneel uncomfortably on a piece of coconut matting straining to listen through that little window"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

JANE GASKELL

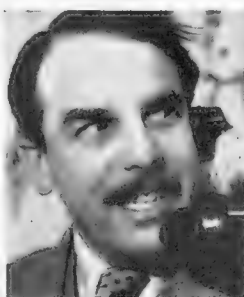


"They should go slower, ask if you want to get somewhere quickly, and if not, take you on a scenic drive. And they should spray the car with scent if the last passenger has been smoking"

Take
a
tip
from

✱

ROY BROOKS



"A lot of taxis already have short-wave radios—we should be able to use them to telephone through to our next appointment. Being a person with no sense of time I'd find it useful to ring up and say I'd only be 10 minutes late."

Take
a
tip
from

✱

MRS. MATTLI



"They should go faster. On the whole I'm a great fan of London taxis, but they are very slow compared with French cabs. I take a taxi to work every morning with my dog, and they seem to creep around"

THE BATH AND WEST SHOW

... held at Ashton Court, near Bristol, marked the début of Mr. Charles Clore as a showing owner. His British Friesian cattle carried off the supreme championship

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Tessa Todd-Froome with her pony, Second Thoughts, which came second in the 12.2 hands Children's Pony Class. Below, the parade of cattle in the main ring



**BATH & WEST
COUNCIL**



*Sir Reginald & Lady Verdon Smith
He was president of the show*



Miss Pat Smythe with ring steward Mr. Norman Pearce. Left: Miss Bernice Daniell and, holding the pony, Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell



Senior cadets and their partners swing into a quadrille but for Prince Alexander (below) only a watching brief



GRADUATION BALL



ONLY seasoned performers are really at home at a grand occasion like a military ball. For seniors of the Royal Military School in Brussels it was a moment to celebrate their promotion to commissioned rank after graduation. For junior cadets like Prince Alexander of Belgium the occasion plainly held its terrors. He stayed rather shyly on the sidelines, greeting friends (*left*) and watching the dancing but without joining in. Then came the surprise arrival of two important guests—his half-brother King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola whose baby is expected this autumn. After that the ball developed into a family occasion. But though King Baudouin danced several times with his Queen, Prince Alexander stayed off the crowded floor and ended his first graduation ball without a single dance.



For King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola a tête-a-tête at a table by the dance floor



Prince Alexander joins in a family discussion—the strain of the evening has passed



The King and Queen dance across the crowded floor—the Prince stayed at the table



BY CLAUD COCKBURN



What's so fascist

THE cry of the jackal is even more appalling than that of the hyena. Like the fox, it has an offensive odour, due to the secretion of a gland at. . . ."

Whence do I cull this intemperate attack upon the jackal? From some sheet run by professional anti-jackals? People out to make capital out of anti-jackalism, regardless of the sensitivities not to mention the minimal rights of personal privacy which, in any decent society, should be enjoyed by the mammals concerned?

Not, I regret to say, so. This hot blast of propaganda and prejudice comes from, of all places, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, where you would think you could find a bit of objectivity, if anywhere.

I can tell you, it hit me in the face like the second act of a new Tennessee Williams. Optimist though I may be, I had, momentarily, the sensation that things were cracking up. And I am here to warn the *Encyclopaedia* people that neither I nor, I take leave to surmise, the R.S.P.C.A., are going to stand much longer for this class of caper.

For the fact is that day in, day out, some of the finest and best of animals are being foully slandered—by human beings who, if they gave the matter a second thought, would realize that they are doing nothing but foul their own nest. (This is metaphorically spoken. I don't want to bring birds into this before we have to, or people will get confused. But I warn you certain birds are going to have to come in, because of this sustained attack—it has been going on for nearly a century—on vultures. So what is so wrong with vultures, may one merely inquire?)

I was not, in point of fact, thumbing the EncyBrit for news of jackals—I wanted to see what they had to say about Jack the Ripper. I don't know yet, because this jackal thing stopped me dead, and set up what I am accustomed to term a train of thought.

What we find, right at the outset of this piece of literary detection, is a not—if I may say so—unsinister identity of thought

between the men behind the EB and the men in the Kremlin.

Jackals, vultures, hyenas—this is where these two groups who (you naïvely thought) were non-identical, turn out to have precisely the same point of view. Call it ideology if you want to raise the tone of our conversation. I can rise to that height, too.

The nub is that unthinking people unthinkingly smear animals they hardly know by saying that So-and-So is a Human Vulture, and Mr. X is little better than a jackal acting in the interests of the Y Party, and as for Mrs. Y, toothily, loud-laughingly active in the pursuance of her husband's interest with the U.V.W. Corporation, she is the original hyena.

It is time, you will by now readily agree, to examine and—where necessary—correct this entire attitude.

All right, you say Vultures. Eat dead meat, "have"—this is the racist maniac at the EB again—"the head and neck bare of feathers."

I should have thought that a human being, even though hard-pressed dashing off a piece for the deadline of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, would have paused to consider the point that, if this is supposed to contrast vultures with humans, it's no good.

Humans have the neck bare of feathers, and, in the case of the male, a not always attractive Adam's Apple is, as a result, clearly visible. And about "carion." What the man is saying here is that each individual vulture does not spin around aloft among the eagles, or down in there with the tigers, snaffling his own food with his own personal beak.

It is charitable to suppose—and I may say here and now that charitable is one of the things I do not at all intend to be—that the man at the EB actually believes that every human being who eats a steak (a thick hunk of an absolutely and entirely dead animal) has personally slain that animal himself—possibly firing at it from the window of the Brighton train.

You know and I know that this estimate of the situation does



DRAWINGS BY HARO

about hyenas?

not correspond to the facts. The facts are that someone else—call him George if you're squeamish, but personally I never knew even his first name—slew that animal, and long after it was good and dead the Editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* ate this piece of carrion with quite notable relish.

The Russians, as everyone knows, are at this game the whole time—slandering helpless animals by comparing them with humans whom they happen not, at a given time, to like. But a whole lot of other humans are at it, too.

Focus, for a moment, on rats. What is the nastiest thing—and mind you, they mean it to be nasty—that humans have found to say about these nippy and ingenious little rodents? They say that they leave sinking ships. The accusation is no sooner made than it is seen, by all unprejudiced people, to be no accusation at all. It should be regarded, rather, as a recommendation. Is there something bad in striking out for the shore before the foundering vessel drags you down in its vortex? Nobody will dare to say so—unless the individuals who have the common sense to go while the going is relatively good happen to be rats.

Conversely there are the Lemmings and the Gadarene Swine. These mammals, so far from leaving sinking ships, did—and, in the case of Lemmings, still do—rush down steep places actually into the sea.

Do they thereby gain human applause? Not so. Very far indeed from it. The Gadarene Swine have had a ludicrously bad press right from the outset, and as for the Lemmings, people only bother to mention them when they want to go up to other people at parties and tell them that they have a death urge, and in general are impulsively and compulsively doing something which rational thought—the kind you have—would have counselled them against doing.

Few animals escape this type of human denigration. Dogs,

certainly, are betwixt and between. It is not, for instance, a bad mark to be dubbed “dogged.” Implies a kind of Dunkirk spirit. (Whether there are, in fact, many dogged dogs about, is moot.) On the other hand, the words “you dog,” spoken across a Regency dinner table, had the duelling swords out in less time than it would have taken the character so addressed to say “When you say ‘dog,’ dear boy, are you, specifically, referring to the brave and loyal St. Bernard, the disciplined and tenacious foxhound which embodies so much of what we term the team spirit, or the snuffling and self-indulgent Pekingese? In the event of your answers to questions one and two on the Order Paper being in the affirmative I see no reason for considering myself mortally insulted. In case you are comparing me to a Pekingese, I would like to consult a good Chinese vet before taking up any definitive position.”

Horses have a certain immunity from this type of insult. It is true that some women, seeking to asperse the appearance of other women, are capable of reporting that so-and-so has “a face like a horse.” And a man I knew used to say of a certain, long-retired American Ambassador to our country that his idea of extremes meeting was the sight of this Ambassador sipping the drink known as a Horse's Neck.

But observe that to describe a person as resembling one, or even the other, end of a horse may be insulting to the person yet is not necessarily so to the horse. If a human being, who ought to look like one, in fact chances to resemble a horse, that is no fault of the horse. The case would, of course, be otherwise if you went up to a horse and said “You have a face like Frank Sinatra (or Konrad Adenauer or whoever).”

In general, however, animals, birds, and many other creeping or flying creatures are getting a raw deal. It is time that humanity desisted from a type of innuendo which must be characterized as waspish, wolfish, swinish and viperous.





Mr. John James, secretary of the Paddington Waterways Society. "This country needs a landscape designer," he says. Top: The canal above which the flats (plan right) were to be built

ROMANO CAGNONI
AND ALAN VINES PHOTOGRAPHED

Little Venice



A shoulder-high wall masks the canals from Maida Avenue. The society intends to have it removed and replaced by a low balustrade

THE TATLER
21 June 1961
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Viscount Norwich (above, right) is president of the society; he lives in Blomfield Road. Right: Mrs. F. C. Rigby, who organized the Festival of Little Venice, with her daughter Olivia. Below: Lord Methuen (right) prefers waterborne transport to any other. With him in the Paddington Basin boatyard is Viscount St. Davids



Preserved

AND J. ROGER BAKER TALKED TO
THE RESIDENTS

LITTLE Venice, that tranquil backwater tucked away behind the honking chasms of Paddington streets, might not seem a likely place for a battle—unless with flowers and between gondolas. The tree-dappled triangle of Regency and early-Victorian houses centring around the junction of two canals has an almost rural peace, the distant clatter from the railways sidings an other-worldly air. It seems an enviable place in which to live and even more so now to the residents who fought and won the fight to preserve it.

Battle was joined last December when a development company planned to build six blocks of flats over the Regent's Canal. They would stride, like giant stepping stones, straight across Little Venice, rising two and a half times as high as the white stucco houses on either side of the water. Angry residents quickly formed the Paddington Waterways Amenities Associa-

tion under the presidency of Viscount Norwich whose mother, Lady Diana Cooper, also lives in Little Venice.

First chairman was Mr. Noel Tweddell, the architect who co-ordinated Windsor's recent face-lift under the Civic Trust (see *The Tatler* of 10 May). A protest was made; the L.C.C. refused planning permission and the building scheme was dropped. But the association has continued with the object of defending and improving the amenities offered by the canals and their surroundings. Active in this field is Lord Methuen, one of the association vice-presidents, who feels that people should be able to travel all over the country by inland waterway, as for example in France.

The aftermath of victory has not been marked by a slackening of effort. The association's rather cumbersome title has been abbreviated to the Paddington Waterways



Mr. Noel Tweddell was the first chairman of the society. He is an architect, closely associated with the Civic Trust



EVELYN GIBBS, the artist, is a recent arrival in Maida Avenue. Below: Waterside gardens were made in 1953.



The children's playground where formerly houses stood. Looking over the railings towards Browning's Pool is Lady Ebury



Little Venice Preserved *continued*

Society and now claims more than 100 members. Present chairman is the Hon. James Ogilvy and the secretary is canal-cruise pioneer Mr. John James, who lives on a houseboat moored by Blomfield Road. He told me about some of the society's future plans. First step is to get rid of the walls that line the canals. "They are dangerous—should a child fall in the water they impede any rescuer—and ugly," he said. Other priorities include repair of the Westbourne Terrace bridge and renovation of another high-walled bridge, proper planting and maintenance of waste plots along the banks and the prevention of rubbish being dumped in the canals.

The Festival of Little Venice which opens tomorrow is both a victory celebration and a step to consolidate the resurgence of community spirit. The organizer, Mrs. F. C. Rigby, planned it as "not too large, nor particularly commercial." Chief aim is to draw the residents closer together. The list is impressive including among others: Lord & Lady Birdwood, Lord & Lady Glanusk, Lord Kinross, Lord Methuen,

composer Lennox Berkeley and poet-playwright Christopher Fry.

Besides more familiar festival trappings—boat trips, madrigals, illuminations and a Disraeli play—Mrs. Rigby has persuaded 17 of her neighbours to try an unusual social experiment. On the same evening they will all give parties and guests will be encouraged to visit the other houses. Passports will be issued to prevent gatecrashers. Each house will offer some special attraction—bingo in one, for example, and Evelyn Gibbs the artist is having in hers an exhibition of pictures by her friends.

From all this one important point does seem to arise. It is still possible for a well-organized public protest to prevent what may at first sight seem inevitable—contemporary change—and that without the least risk of being labelled reactionary. And it's not so surprising that this particular protest began in Little Venice; after all some pretty vigorous characters have lived there—Robert Browning, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Feliks Topolski among others—present residents are living up to local tradition.



MRS. ROBERT ST. CLAIR DE LA MARE and her TV producer husband also live in Maida Avenue. Mr. de la Mare is a grandson of the poet



Lady Ebury has a flat in Blomfield Road. Also in the picture is her son, the Hon. Julian Grosvenor



LADY GLANUSK is an enthusiastic member of the society. She is seen here with her daughter, the Hon. Susan Bailey, in her Maida Avenue flat

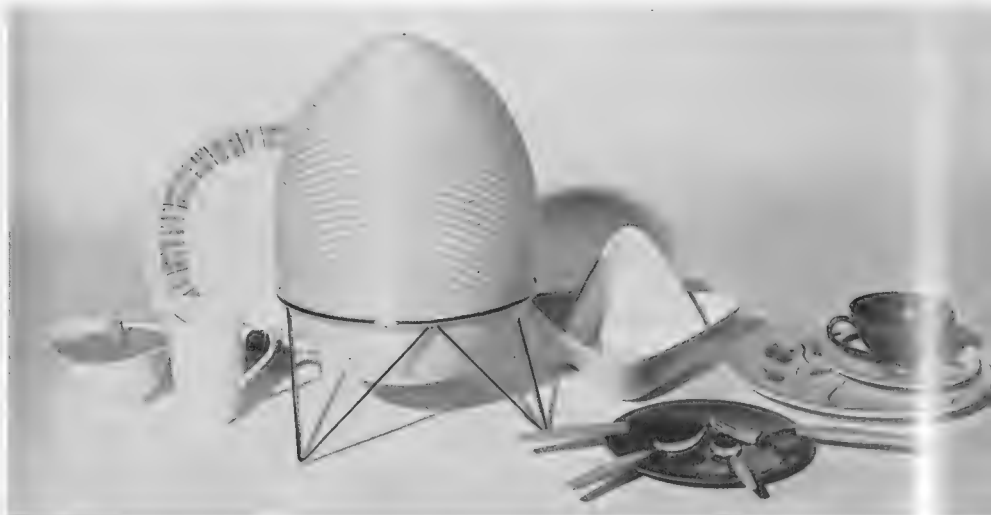
LORD & LADY BIRDWOOD are joining in Mrs. Rigby's inter-house party experiment for the Festival. They live in Warwick Avenue. Below, right: Just round the corner in Harrow Road are factories and a car park, a neglected area that the society thinks more suitable for development





PLASTICS THAT BEAT PREJUDICE

Lightweight for "glass" (above); a boon to the butter-fingered. Plastic for water sets is a comparative newcomer and appears in clear colours and smoky hues. The Italian Plexiglass jug is red (£3 19s. 6d.), the tumbler brown (9s. 9d.); Perspex sundae glasses are blue and amber (8s. 3d. each). All from Harrods. Red Perspex salad bowl, £1 12s.; round black tray, £1 5s. from Libertys. Amber salad servers (also in smoke-grey) by Emsa, are 1s. 11d. from Bentalls of Kingston



Attractive for tableware (above); tough, hard and scratch-resistant. Latest at Harrods: decorated dinner services from America. Large jug, bowl, platter from the white and turquoise "Mayan" 45-piece set, £23 13s. 6d. Right: plastic cup and saucer from brown and white "Harvest" design, 45 pieces £19 2s. Yellow and white triangular dishes, £1 4s. 3d. and 13s. These from Libertys. Stainless steel Singoaller cutlery with coloured nylon handles, £3 9s. 6d. a set of six; teaspoons £1 15s. for six. At Harrods. Rotaflex table lamp on brass triangular base, £2 7s. 6d. at Harrods

Safe for toys. Washable, unbreakable and mostly colour-fast, a white nylon-furred teddy bear (£2 11s. 6d.) and a duffel-coated doll with nylon hair and eyes that shut (£4 15s.). Both from Harrods. Also railways, cars and bricks. Durable for rugs. Drip-dry, non-slip, non-fade, the tufted one comes in six colours, three sizes from 3 gns.; the woven one in five colours with white, three sizes from £1 2s. 6d. By Haganyl, they are on show at the Swedish Plastics Federation Stand at Olympia

PLASTICS GOT OFF TO A BAD START—FROM A purely decorative point of view at least. Manufacturers tended to overdo things when they discovered how adaptable plastic is, and all at once the market was flooded with poor copies and crude designs, ranging from slippery plastic tablecloths to shiny plastic flowers. It was only in the kitchen that plastic came into its own, because there it was obviously and unashamedly plastic—there is, after all, very little one can do to ruin the design of a sink tidy. Only in the last 10 years have designers come to realize that each plastic (whether acrylic, vinyl, fibreglass, nylon or any of the polys) has a character of its own, and deserves to be used appropriately. The results of this re-thinking prove that plastic can settle happily into any corner of the house. And if you want further proof, take a look at some of the recent Design Centre awards and especially this year's Duke of Edinburgh Award (the transistor radio shown below right). Or visit the biggest-ever International Plastics Exhibition at Olympia, opened today by Lord Hailsham, the Minister of Science. The domestic side of the Exhibition covers everything from textiles to swimming pools, and the best designers from 11 countries have contributed over 200 products for the home. They all go to show that plastic is no longer the cheap copy you buy when you can't afford the original. It is an original itself, now.

BY ROSE GRAY : PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



Elegant for jewellery (above, right). On its own, or combined with glass and wood, it won't weigh you down. Three-row river pearls £2 5s. 6d.; two-row turquoise beads, single strings (brown or blue), £1 4s. 6d. each. White ear-rings, 3 gns., blue ones, 8s. 6d.; round compact (mother-of-pearl lid), £4 4s. 6d.; blue evening case (compact, lipstick holder, cigarette case), 9 gns. Paperweights in Perspex, modern version of the Victorian millefiore ones. From 4 gns. to 15 gns. for the cube containing a sphere. All from Liberty's

Versatile for the family. Men appreciate the transistor radio which won the C.O.I.D.'s Duke of Edinburgh Award for Elegant Design this year. The Ultra "Rio" TR.70 was designed by Eric Marshall in grey high-impact polystyrene with a silver grille and purple controls. 17½ gns. Women find blue plastic Revelation cases, reinforced with fibreglass, ideal for air travel. Larger one has a travelling iron in the handle, 10 gns. and 4 gns. at Harrods. Junior has fun with a clockwork scale model of R.M.S. Pretoria Castle by Tri-ang in cellulose acetate, £1 16s. 11d. from Harrods



All at fourteens and elevens

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

WHEN I MOVED TO LONDON A MONTH OR TWO AGO, I SOON MADE A conscious, conscientious decision not to travel by taxi if public transport were available. The only exceptions were to be in very special circumstances, such as seeing girls home from parties, or when terribly late for most important appointments. It isn't that I have anything against the genus of London taxi-drivers—*cabbi cocknienses*—as a whole. On the contrary, I regard them as most useful members of the community who provide a valuable service far more cheaply than most. In New York, for instance, a taxi seems *always* to cost a dollar (including tip). Nor is it that I actively enjoy travelling in buses and Undergrounds—I don't.

My decision was made after some elementary mathematics and a short course of personal research. Carefully collated statistics conclusively demonstrated that I made an average of 8.7 separate journeys *per diem*, excluding those which I performed on foot to little shops (*e.g.* betting shops) around the corner, or when walking by moonlight in profound meditation by the flotsam-filled river. Taking the mean fare at three-&-three, a not unreasonable figure, and the mean tip at ninepence, which is not *too* mean, this involved a little matter of £12 3s. 7d. a week, even without "extras", and I seem to accumulate extras—packing-cases, children, after-midnight trips—every bit as rapidly as a cross-eyed wicket-keeper. All this would come to a good bit more than £600 a year, which is an appreciable proportion (to put it at its mildest) of my available so-called income, and never mind *how* appreciable.

So, after splurging on taxis for a day or two, I transferred my allegiance to buses and Undergrounds and O.P. (for Other People's) cars. It is relatively easy to convince oneself that this is actually more pleasurable. The student of human nature is *ipso facto* desirous of coming into contact with as many human natures as possible, and observing their behaviour and mutual interaction. For this, public transport provides many more possibilities than the isolation—even if splendid—of a taxi, not to mention the opportunities for fascinating personal encounters at tube stations, in Undergrounds during rush hours, and at bus stops (especially Green Line, in my experience).

In fact it quickly became an absolute point of honour not to go by cab, even if one presented itself, even for unusually difficult (and highly important) trips like getting from the White Hart in the King's Road to the Queen's Elm in the Fulham Road. (This is less than half-a-mile as a pub-crawling crow would fly it, but involves at least three buses unless

you walk all or part of it—11, 19 or 22 to Chelsea Town Hall, 49 or 207A up Sydney Street, and then a 14 or 45 down the Fulham Road. If there are two of you, the cost of this complicated expedition is already one-and-six, but this is quite irrelevant.) I was bussing and tubing it everywhere.

At first I lived in the outermost reaches of Fulham, where my life became dominated by the strange caprices of the Number 14 bus. The 14 covers extremely vital territory, visiting such centres as South Ken, and Knightsbridge, Piccadilly Circus and Euston, before disappearing up the Caledonian Road in the direction of Hornsey Rise, but it is extremely unpredictable. There is of course no point whatever in paying the smallest attention to the official book of words, with its dogmatic, positive statements of "every 4-8 minutes," because everyone knows that they mean absolutely nothing. A bus arrives when it feels like it.

No. 14 buses, like so many others, enjoy a little company; they prefer to work in pairs. I suppose they may therefore be said to have monogamous tendencies, which is probably laudable, at least when compared with the frank polygamy of, for example, the gregarious 11s. One 14 likes to pair up with another as early on the route as possible, and they then stay together till the end of the road. But as for the 11s—I once saw no fewer than eight, bumper to bumper, on a spring evening in the Buckingham Palace Road, and four or five is relatively commonplace.

The bus-using Londoner has long since become inured to such interesting spectacles, the only alternative being early death, when injury and impotence lead to sudden cerebral haemorrhage. The only thing that surprised me about the 14s was that they frequently managed to be paired already by the time they reached *my* bus-stop, not more than 10 minutes after leaving the terminal. This, I think, showed very considerable initiative.

I have now moved from Fulham to a mews cottage in W.2, discovered in a moment of happy, fantastic luck after a thousand fruitless phone calls to acquisitive house agents, interminable scannings of profitless personal columns, and a myriad wasted visits to s/c flats with c.h.w., desirable maisonettes, quasi-furnished rooms, and even a house-boat, which had all turned out to be far from s/c, or most *undesirable*, or just taken (half-an-hour ago), or twenty guineas a week. In my new habitat there is an *embarras de richesse* in the field of public transport, with the District Line, the Inner Circle, the Metropolitan Line, the Central Line and the Bakerloo Line all competing for my favours, and dozens of bus services radiating in all directions.

Somehow, with so many to choose from, the *fun* of it has departed; it is no longer a challenge to progress from A *via* B to C, no longer a delicious daily gamble as to whether my bus will immediately, magically, materialize, or whether it will be half-an-hour before several come together. A constant scarlet stream flows steadily around me; the voracious mouths of tube stations wait everywhere to devour me. Getting about London has suddenly become easy; it's no longer an adventure.

I must put matters right. I think I'll get a bicycle.

TO RUSSIA WITH INTENT

The intention is to lure Russians into British ready-to-wear. The baited trap was the British stand at the British Trade Fair in Moscow where the Russians showed their appreciation by throwing flowers on to the catwalk and presenting bouquets. The fashions were practical, geared strictly to daily Russian life and the garnish was a few long evening dresses. They liked our pleated worsted skirts and jumpers, our men's suits. Will they get the chance to buy them? Well, Mr. Khrushchev says that he intends to make more consumer goods available. So maybe Russian women will soon be dressed like the girl below

THEY LIKED A WEST OF IRELAND TRADITIONAL PATTERN IN AN OFF-WHITE SWEATER WITH ANTIQUE GILT BUTTONS. MADE IN MATCHING WOOL—AN IRISH TWEED SKIRT CUT WITH NO ROOM TO SPARE. A DIGBY MORTON DESIGN FOR RELDAN (12½ GNS.) AT DICKINS & JONES; COUNTY CLOTHES, CHELTENHAM. LOCATION: SOBORNAYA SQUARE IN THE KREMLIN WITH THE BELFRY OF IVAN THE GREAT IN THE BACKGROUND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CLARK



THEY LIKED A LONG-COATED SUIT WITH SLEEVELESS BLOUSED TOP IN BLACK AND TAN HOUNDSTOOTH SCOTTISH TWEED BY VERNERVOGUE. THE SUIT WILL BE AVAILABLE AT HARVEY NICHOLS FROM THE END OF THE MONTH, AND COSTS 48 GNS. THEY LIKED, TOO, THE MAN'S TWO-PIECE DAKS SUIT IN MEDIUM WEIGHT SOLID WORSTED FROM SIMPSONS, PICCADILLY. THE LOCATION IS RED SQUARE—LENIN'S TOMB ON THE RIGHT, AND, BACKGROUND, THE SPASSKAYA TOWER AND THE VASILY BLAZHENNY CATHEDRAL



THEY LIKED THE CRISP CONTRAST OF DARK BLUE AND WHITE IN A LIGHTWEIGHT RAYON SHEATH DRESS BY MISS POLLY. THE SLEEVES AND WAIST ARE SHARPLY DEFINED BY WHITE PIQUÉ, AND THE PRICE IS SUFFICIENTLY UNCAPITALISTIC AT A MERE 73s. 6d. AVAILABLE AT DERRY & TOMS; PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, GLASGOW; BROWNS OF CHESTER. LOCATION: IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE WALLS OF THE KREMLIN WITH THE TOSKIN TOWER AND THE VASILY BLAZHENNY CATHEDRAL



TO
RUSSIA
WITH
INTENT
CONTINUED



THEY LIKED THE WILLOW-GREEN SUIT—SEEN HERE IN THE MOSCOW UNDERGROUND—MADE BY DENT ALLCROFT FROM PITTARD'S LEATHER (ALSO USED FOR THE SCARF, HAT AND GLOVES). PRACTICAL RUSSIAN MINDS ADMIRERD THE FACT THAT IT IS SPONGEABLE, WATERPROOF AND STAINPROOF. THE SHOES ARE BY RAYNE, AND BOTH BAG AND SHOES ARE IN MARTIN & BOLTON'S LEATHER. THE SUIT CAN BE BOUGHT AT SIMPSONS, PICCADILLY, AT £47

THEY LIKED A SLINKILY CLINGING, GLAMOROUSLY WARM DINNER DRESS DESIGNED BY FRANK USHER. IN ROSE CAMELIA ANGORA WOOL, AND DECORATED AT THE WAIST AND CUFFS WITH LARGE RED IRIDESCENT BEADS, THIS DRESS IS SEEN HERE AGAINST THE NEO-CLASSICAL FACADE OF THE BOLSHOI THEATRE. RUSSIAN WOMEN VISITING BRITAIN WILL FIND THE DRESS AT DICKINS & JONES, W.I.; BRIGHTS OF BOURNEMOUTH; GREENSMITH DOWNES, EDINBURGH, IN MID-JULY; IT COSTS ABOUT 25½ GNS.



THEY LIKED A BELL-SKIRTED BALL DRESS IN BRITISH WEAVERS LACE, DYED BUTTERCUP YELLOW, APPROPRIATELY SEEN HERE AGAINST THE TSAR BELL IN THE KREMLIN. TO THE AVERAGE RUSSIAN GIRL IT WAS "SOMETHING OUT OF FAIRYLAND WHICH IN OUR LIVES WE WOULD HAVE NO OCCASION TO WEAR." SUSAN SMALL WAS COMMISSIONED BY THE FEDERATION OF LACE & EMBROIDERY TO DESIGN THIS DRESS FOR THE FAIR. AVAILABLE AT DERRY & TOMS, PRICE 44 GNS.

THEY LIKED A SHAFT-SLIM EVENING DRESS BY FRANK USHER IN WHITE GUIPURE LACE. THE SQUARE NECKED, SLEEVELESS BODICE IS EDGED WITH GROSGRAIN, THE LONG SLIM SKIRT IS FLARED AT THE BACK. PERFECT FOR GOING TO THE BALLET IN—IT IS SEEN HERE ON THE STEPS OF THE BOLSHOI—COVENT GARDEN ENTHUSIASTS CAN BUY IT AT WOOLLANDS, S.W.1; RACKHAMS OF BIRMINGHAM; GREENSMITH DOWNES OF EDINBURGH; AT ABOUT 37½ GNS.



TO
RUSSIA
WITH
INTENT
CONCLUDED





On the cool side



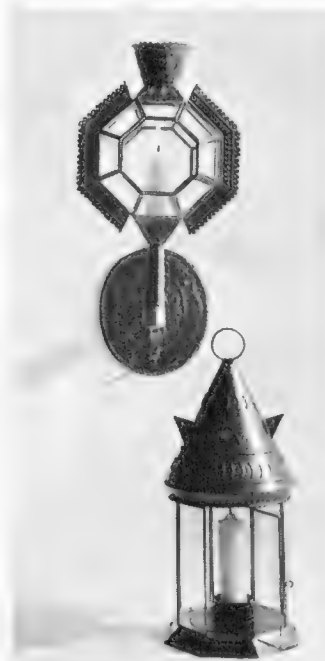
Cool currents seem all the cooler when they swell flimsy voile curtains in fresh designs like these. Left: formal orange trees etched in black on white, 60 inches wide: 52s. 6d., or 130s. 6d. in silk. Right: green ferns on a white ground, 67 inches wide: 49s. 3d. Both from Elizabeth Eaton, Basil Street, along with other excellent uses for light materials



Cool cooking out of doors with an easy-to-manage barbecue. It's Canadian and comes in a wide range from Harrods. This one has a chrome-plated grill, charcoal tray adjustable by hand to six positions, and the whole thing folds flat. Price: £8 17s. 6d. There is a similar smaller one at £6 5s., and a set of kebab skewers at 12s. 6d.



Cool couches need pretty cushions like these from Elizabeth Eaton. The square one is covered with a minute checked design in orange and white glazed chintz; round one is toile printed with gay flowers. They can be made to order in any shape or size at prices starting at 4 gns.



Cool colours for garden lighting are among a new consignment of lanterns, hand-made in Spain, at Casa Pupo. In pierced tin with a dull coppery finish they are copies of old Moorish lamps. Candles look well in them, but they can be wired. Here, a bracket torch—the bracket is fixed to a wall, the light can be planted among the flowers; 12 gns. Hooded lantern with glass windows comes in three sizes from 6 gns. to 8 gns.



Cool cucumbers drink from coloured Italian glasses trimmed with rough straw. Tall elegant jug in either smoky or clear green glass, waisted and handled with straw is 39s. 6d.; tall tumbler to match is 12s. 6d. Pitcher in smoky glass with chunky straw base (detachable) is 45s. 9d. with mugs to match in two sizes, 10s. 6d., and, shown, 6s. 11d. From a selection at Peter Jones



Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara with admirers, in the revival of *Gone With The Wind* at the Coliseum

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Celebration. Duchess Theatre. (Morgan Sheppard, Gabrielle Hamilton, Michael Williams, Colette O'Neil.)

A pleasant North-sounding noise

MR. KEITH WATERHOUSE AND MR. WALLIS HALL SHOWED THAT THEY could tell a dramatic story and put into it a fine acting part, in *Billy Liar*. They have chosen to follow up this success by exploiting, in *Celebration* at the Duchess, the routine humour of two large North Country lower middle class families making preparations for a wedding breakfast, and in the second part of the play, which is much like the first, returning from a funeral.

I am tempted to call the result the most unambitious play ever written by practised authors. There is no plot and only the barest suggestion that the characters who get fussed and bicker and score off each other are reacting to the pressure of real human experience. The authors, in other words, have set their sights as low as possible. They aim to be mildly entertaining. It can't be said that they fail. As critics we may sigh over the lack of dramatic significance, as play-goers we are mildly entertained.

It must not be supposed, however, that simply anyone could write a similar play. The two authors are dab hands at reproducing talk that may not tell you much about the talkers but sounds spontaneous and direct. With the end of these two episodes we have not the faintest idea of what the people concerned are really like. We have had the constant mild pleasure of seeing that other people trying to set up a rickety trestle table suffer the same sort of exasperation that we should suffer

VERDICTS

in the same circumstances and that when they have to pin down strips of greaseproof paper in lieu of a tablecloth they survey the result with an immediately recognizable mixture of pride and misgiving.

The wedding breakfast is to take place in the bleak upstairs room of a public house, and the most arresting of the issues springing from the collective attempts to give the dreary place an air of festive splendour is whether the bride's mother has done well to get the tables and the crockery and the viands cheaply from Barbers and not from the more expensive Whittakers. The husband has his doubts from the first and as more and more relatives drift in the doubts multiply. Horrific stories are told of a prosecution for food poisoning which was successfully brought against Barbers some while ago. "That was in the old man's time," points out the hostess. "It's different now that the son runs the business."

But only small plates have been sent. This indicates that Barbers are not going to supply the salad which the hostess has regarded as indispensable to any decent wedding breakfast; and this revelation comes as a crushing disillusionment to the poor woman. She ceases to be the dominating figure on the scene, and among those who seek to usurp her position is an overbearing uncle who knows all that is to be known about transporting guests from their homes to the church at weddings, yet heartlessly condemns some of the younger people to the indignity of going in a van. They also include a valetudinarian lady whose digestion can manage a little port but cannot endure a glass of cold water, a smartly dressed mother-in-law who is not on speaking terms with her son's slatternly wife, a genial and generous old toper who, as everyone knows, is bound to disgrace himself on the morrow, a daft girl who believes everything she is told, and, of course, a rather touching young bride and a bridegroom who is terribly nervous and ill-at-ease.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

They all say the likely things as the likely occasions arrive. Too many hands (not all of them as active as they should be) make heavy work, but all comes well in the end and the episode ends on an atmosphere of the mellow calm that sometimes follows a stormy day, and everyone begins to feel quite sentimental about the young people who are starting out on married life and they find time to be a little sentimental about themselves.

The return from the funeral (it is the bibulous great-uncle who has been buried) shows the same two families in a fresh struggle to honour the conventions as they believe it is their duty to honour them. Here the most arresting issue is the question of what attitude respectable people should take to the dead man's "fancy" woman who has forced her way into the funeral wearing shocking bright plumage. The joke is that respect for the dear departed means that his weaknesses, though well enough known, cannot in decency be mentioned; and there might be quite a sensational scene did not one of the great-uncle's boon companions, a drunken sergeant-major, make a timely appearance to put everybody into a mood of cheerful Christian forbearance.

Mr. Morgan Sheppard, Miss Gabrielle Hamilton, Mr. Michael Williams lead the Nottingham Repertory Theatre company in an excellent performance.



Pull My Daisy
The Sin Of Jesus
The Absent-Minded Professor
They Were Ten
Girl Of The Night
The Secret Ways
Gone With The Wind

Disney blows away the beats

AS THE CULT OF THE CHAOTIC AND THE INCOHERENT SPREADS THROUGH all the arts, it becomes increasingly clear to me that I am more than a square: I'm a cube. I mean, *Pull My Daisy* is just cinematic action painting to stuffy old me (with my old-fashioned preference for form and discipline)—and *The Sin Of Jesus* is pure (or should I say obscene?) gobbledygook. I cannot understand why anyone should attach the slightest importance to them and while the people responsible for these "works of pure fiction, played against and into and in collaboration with unrehearsed and uninvented reality" obviously take themselves dead seriously, I really can't.

The former film shows a bunch of beatniks airing their egos in a Greenwich Village poet's pad, babbling of Buddhism and poking fun at a defenceless young cleric with myopic eyes and defeated teeth. The scene was shot silent and Mr. Jack Kerouac, who devised it, speaks for and about the characters in a demented commentary.

The hand-out tells me, in tones of awestruck reverence, that he spoke "without any preparation or a previous viewing of the film—he just went on, as the images went by, in a sort of drunken trance." And this we are to admire? I merely marvel that Mr. Kerouac can get away with it in some quarters: he is, of course, a highly professional beatnik (I suspect that when not playing the fool he could be found playing the stock market) but I fail to detect the "magic" which his fond fans assure me invests his improvisation.

The second "experimental" film concerns a pregnant slut who is given an angel (called Alfred) for company when her slob of a lover deserts her. She accidentally kills the angel by forcing her fleshly attentions upon him—and is last seen stamping around her filthy chicken-farm moaning, "I don't know what it's all about."

Sister, you are not alone. I don't know what it's all about. I particularly don't know why she had to cut the heads off two live chickens in full view of the camera—which dwells gloatingly on the convulsively twitching bodies left hanging on a tree. The film gave me nothing but an acute attack of nausea.

With great relief one turns to the commercial cinema—to hail with rapture Mr. Walt Disney's latest film, *The Absent-Minded Professor*, a joyous comedy with a keen edge of satire. Cosy Mr. Fred MacMurray,

a science professor, inadvertently invents a wonder substance possessing anti-gravitational energy. He calls it Flubber—short for flying rubber. A handful of it under the bonnet of his old Tin Lizzie gives Mr. MacMurray the first-ever aero-car—a touch of flubber on the heels of his college basket-ball team makes high-jumpers of them, and on his own heels turns the professor into an acrobatic dancer.

Rejecting tempting offers for his invention from a crooked businessman (Mr. Keenan Wynn, in great form) Mr. MacMurray patriotically decides to place his Flubber at the disposal of the government. The flap he causes in the armed forces when his car emerges from the clouds over Washington is the funniest thing in this splendidly hilarious picture.

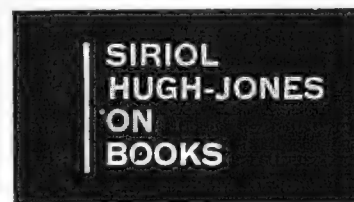
From Israel comes *They Were Ten*—a beautiful and moving film (in Hebrew with not very good American subtitles) about a handful of Jewish emigrants, fugitives from the pogroms in Russia, who seek to make a new life for themselves in Galilee. The year is 1885. The Arabs are at first suspicious and hostile—but through dogged perseverance (and without bloodshed) the pioneers eventually establish their right to farm their little piece of stony land and live in peace. Mr. Otto Preminger very rightly calls this "a film of great beauty, honesty and strength." I wish I could have said the same about *his* film—*Exodus*.

In *Girl Of The Night* Mr. Lloyd Nolan psycho-analyses a call-girl (Miss Anne Francis) in an effort to find out why she chose to become one. My guess would be that it was because this was the easiest way she could think of to earn enough money to keep her fancy man (Mr. John Kerr) in luxury and hard liquor—but Mr. Nolan puts it down to the fact that her trollop of a mother gave her an inferiority complex. Or something. It isn't really worth worrying your pretty little head about.

I found *The Secret Ways* a decidedly baffling little number. Mr. Richard Widmark, an American operating in Europe as a spy (though not for the U.S.A., I gather), is so heavily in debt to the bookies that he is willing to undertake other jobs on the side, providing the price is right. This is how he comes to be hired by a Swiss banker (I *think* to smuggle out from behind the Iron Curtain an anti-Communist professor whom the Hungarian Government has driven into hiding in Budapest).

Mr. Widmark and the professor's daughter (Miss Sonja Ziemann), who insists on accompanying him, are received in Budapest by an official "welcoming" committee—the members of which behave so fantastically that one feels they can't be true. They aren't, either—but then almost everybody else in the film turns out to be somebody or something you didn't expect, so who cares? I don't know when I've seen a more unlikely story more unconvincingly filmed.

After 21 years, *Gone With The Wind* is still a great picture. Beside its stars, ours of today pale—and the direction is magnificent.



Perspective Of Nudes, by Bill Brandt. (Bodley Head, 42s.)

The Rochford Book Of House Plants, by T. Rochford & R. Gorer. (Faber, 30s.)

George Orwell, by Sir Richard Rees. (Secker & Warburg, 18s.)

The Town, by Geoffrey Martin. (Vista Books, 25s.)

In Milan & The Lakes Of Lombardy With Stendhal. (Macdonald, 35s.)

This Is Edinburgh, and *This Is Munich*, by Sasek. (W. H. Allen, 15s. each.)

Mr. Brandt gives gauze the go-by

PHOTOGRAPHING NUDES IS WITHOUT ANY DOUBT WHAT IS KNOWN AS A challenge. There can be disasters of all kinds in this field—misty nymphs tiptoeing about in gauze wisps; ladies apparently transported by modesty or grief, burying their faces in the crook of their elbows; calendar-girls lying in a storm-tossed sort of way across a wave of chenille; and art-girls posed with ghastly tastefulness behind mosquito-netting, a limp lily in one hand.

Bill Brandt, in *Perspective Of Nudes*, falls, of course, into no such appalling errors. The women, or the enlarged sections of women, in his book are never coy or vulgar. He is by turns witty, clever, surprising, ironic and wilful about the human body—the only odd doubt he left



The famous cartoonist

GILES

tops the tales of the innumerable characters, mean, mighty, magnificent or merely odd, who make up the story of Moss Bros in

**WARREN TUTE'S
THE GREY
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MACDONALD



MARK GERSON

Cloth-capped Colin McInnes has just published a book of essays, *England, Half-English* (McGibbon & Kee, 18s.), following his successful novels *City Of Spades*, *Absolute Beginners* and last year's *Mr. Love & Justice*. He is a son of the late Angela Thirkell, chronicler of modern Barseghshire

VERDICTS *continued*

with me being whether or not he thinks the whole curious structure is a good and pleasing thing.

The first part of the book consists of faintly narrative, every-picture-tells-part-of-a-disturbing-story photographs—lonely girls in bedrooms growing over beds like pale, huge, distorted mushrooms, girls brooding on Victorian chairs, a pair of gargantuan feet at idle ease in an empty room (they have a “brutal composure”, says Chapman Mortimer in the Introduction, and indeed why not?). The pictures then become increasingly abstract and outdoors, with great grainy, gravelly lumps of knee, elbow and sole of foot (possibly, since clearly half the fun of these austere snaps is the process of identification, which would baffle the brightest anatomy student but which responds gratifyingly to inspired guesswork). When bleakly faced with three curved, balanced surfaces, which may in all probability be a couple of nicely weathered knees and a reclining elbow, one thinks—first—hurray for weight, texture, interrelated planes and cunning composition, and second, well, doesn't Mr. Brandt like knees, that he should make them so abominably tough to identify?

Last of all, one thinks Man Ray was a fine craftsman and maybe there is nothing new in photography after all. I still do not quite see the point in making careful, intelligent, even beautiful photographs of the human body if in the event they turn out to look like abstract sculpture, but this may well be a square point of view revealing a give-away obsession with the functional mechanism of knee-caps and other homely joints.

Ever since I had a mad, unexpected success with a *Cissus antarctica* (“tolerant of gas fumes”), which for many a month was known to me simply as the-plant-that-must-need-watering-by-now, I have regarded myself as a dab green-fingered hand with indoor plants. **The Rochford Book Of House Plants**, by T. Rochford & R. Gorer, has given me not only illusions of grandeur but also an enormous dread of the unknown. Take pests, for instance—white fly, scale, root-rot, red spider (foxingly, not a spider and not always red, there's a laugh), begonia mildew and something unspeakable called Thrips, from which I now feel sure I have been suffering for years. (“You should never have Thrips on your houseplants,” says the Rochford Book severely, and I'm with them all the way.) This book is obviously essential reading for all who are aiming to grow so much as a humble pot of ivy to fill up the fireplace.

George Orwell, that “strenuous and self-martyrizing man,” in Sir Richard Rees's phrase, has now been dead 11 years, and his writing, together with the memory of the man himself, has never stopped giving the national conscience a nasty twinge or two as it shifts in its sleep. We can hardly be said to live amidst a glut of saintliness, and Orwell came so near to this prickly and perilous condition as to make it difficult to think about him at all without some sensation of guilt.

Rees's book **George Orwell** sets out to discuss, with admirable clarity, sympathy and good judgment, Orwell's books, and in doing so provides

what seems to me to be a beautifully judged, perspicacious and loving (though far from idolatrous) picture of the writer. There was a real and strong element of nobility—though the word would, I suppose, have alarmed him—in Orwell, and this is caught by Rees with precisely the right lack of pomposity. The book is in fact like listening to an intelligent and affectionate voice talking very much to the point about an old friend.

Nice picture books: An irresistible and wildly entertaining book called **The Town** by Geoffrey Martin which examines, in a long introduction, pictures and captions, aspects of the English town and its inhabitants. I can give some impression of the agreeable tone of voice of this book by simply quoting the respectful first sentence of the caption to a Turner painting of the Brighton Chain Pier, apparently weathering a violent storm with massed clouds and rainbow effects to add grandeur to the scene: “The Romantic Imagination lends a rather sombre air to this picture, but demonstrates the pier's solid qualities.” And **In Milan And On The Lakes Of Lombardy With Stendhal**, which must surely qualify as the title hardest-to-keep-on-the-tip-of-one's-tongue of the year, is a collection of colour pictures presenting noble and impressive aspects of the Italian landscape, greatly enlivened by Stendhal's diary-notes on the scene, the local history, and his own current love-affairs. We've already covered the country from Lake Garda to Sicily with Goethe in this series—it's chastening to consider how the pre-jet writers from the vintage years of travel covered the ground. . . .

And, if you are a fan of Sasek's neat, sharp-eyed and tidy-minded assessment of towns in terms of bright-as-paint progressive poster pictures, there are two new ones, made to the same formula—**This Is Edinburgh** and **This Is Munich**. Some maintain that these are books for children, but I think this is a misconception, all the children I know fancying vastly detailed drawings full of buttons, eyebrows and old-fashioned perspective.



At The Black Hawk (2 vols.), by Shelly Manne

Jive At Five, by Joe Newman

Kelly Great, by Wynton Kelly

Paris Session, by Milt Jackson & Percy Heath

The Golden Striker, by John Lewis

Prodders versus diggers

SUPERFICIAL PRODDING AT A WELL-TRODDEN SURFACE IS THE HALLMARK of a bad gardener. I do not hesitate to apply this simile to the music which Shelly Manne produces in his club performances **At the Black Hawk** (SCA5015/6). To devote two albums to this tensed-up superficial music seems nonsense, when so much that is worthwhile can be put out on the same label. Manne's men include the lucid Victor Feldman at the piano, and the tenor sax of Richie Kamuca for occasional moments of interest.

One of the diggers who has long been reaching down to the depths of jazz is trumpeter Joe Newman, a current member of the Basie band. His quintet's album, **Jive at Five** (Prestige Swingville 2011), will surely rank as one of the records of the year. Newman's quintet heralds yet another new American label to be released in England under its own auspices—Prestige—some of whose masters were formerly issued here by Esquire. The two stars, Joe and his fellow Basie-ite, Frank Wess, who blows tenor, display all the free-swinging versatility that I expect from members of such an organization. In fact I have never heard Wess blow better, and Newman's contribution matches anything I know on record. Add a rhythm section consisting of Oliver Jackson on drums, Eddie Jones on bass, and Tommy Flanagan on piano, and you will find a group that thinks and breathes the jazz borne on the mainstream, yet is fractionally ahead of its immediate surroundings.

Following so closely on the recent visit of the Jazz Messengers to Britain, it is more than revealing to hear two of their soloists, trumpeter Lee Morgan and tenorman Wayne Shorter, well featured in **Kelly Great** (35-107). This album is mainly a showcase for Wynton Kelly, who was formerly with Dizzy Gillespie's band, but it abounds with

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VERDICTS *continued*

interesting work from all members of the quintet. Morgan is particularly impressive, playing whole shouting choruses with the same penetrating open tone but far more assurance than he showed during the tour. Kelly's piano is forceful, and the rhythm section contributes more than its due, with a notable bowed bass solo by Paul Chambers on *Mama G*.

Two active members of the Modern Jazz Quartet, Milt Jackson and Percy Heath, join with their former drummer, Kenny Clarke, to present *Paris Session*. Solo honours go to tenorist Barney Wilen, whose swinging phrases, moulded after Lester Young, dominate most of the tracks. Jackson forsakes his normal vibraphone rôle in favour of piano, contributing fast-moving single note passages of percussive strength. The record is a splendid example of the type of swing which this sort of group should produce, but which so often seems to be sidetracked by the customary approach of the MJQ itself. Their leader, John Lewis, in the meantime has launched a flank attack on the classics—I believe the proper term today is “serious music”—in *The Golden Striker* (SAH-K6152). His group comprises four french horns, four trumpets, two trombones, tuba, and three in the rhythm section. The compositions are his own, and relate to the Italian scene which he has sampled in recent years. If you enjoy fanfares such as Puccini wrote to herald his overtures, laced with hunks of harmony from Stravinsky's early period, go ahead and get this oddity. But don't come back and tell me it isn't jazz. I know that already!

ROBERT
WRAIGHT
ON
GALLERIES

Recent Australian painting,
Whitechapel Gallery
Barbara Hepworth, Gimpel Fils

A loud ticking from down under

DURING RECENT YEARS ONE-MAN SHOWS BY AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS Sidney Nolan, Arthur Boyd, Russell Drysdale and Albert Tucker have each made a notable impact in London. Now these four, and 47 other Australians, combine to make a major explosion here. And, before we get too deep into what it is that makes Australian painting tick, let me urge you to take a train (it's definitely the best and quickest way) forthwith to Aldgate East to see their exhibition. There's none in London more stimulating.

It is hard to put a finger on what, apart from vitality, these artists have in common. Their styles come in only slightly fewer varieties than the products of that well-known patron of art, Mr. Heinz. So those of us who have already had to think hard to rationalize our idea of “Australian” art so that it could include the four artists I have named, have now a much bigger and harder think coming.

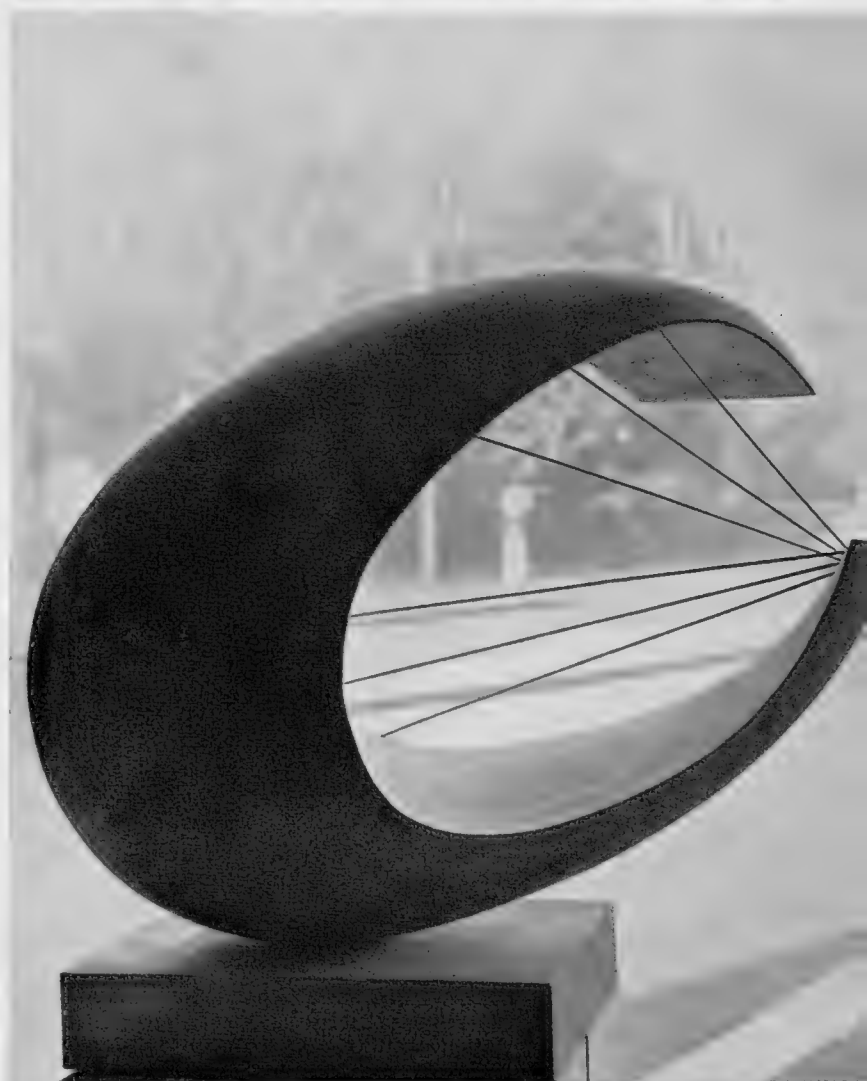
Boyd's naïve little white bride stumbling through the bush (or is it the outback?), Nolan's gimmicky Swan and its Leda, Drysdale's lonely Aboriginal in his lonelier landscape, all these have now to be reconciled with, for instance, the erogenic shapes of a young abstract painter named Brett Whitely who, apparently exasperated at the intractability of paint, sometimes sticks bits of the table cloth on to his pictures.

What so recently seemed fantastic and nightmarish in Nolan and Boyd now appears like photographic naturalism alongside the other-worldliness of younger men like Lawrence Daws, Leonard Hessing and Robert Hughes. The older men's dreams are still Earthmen's dreams, but the younger men have taken off from this planet.

You may walk round this exhibition for hours wallowing in it sensually, but sooner or later you are bound to ask how this phenomenal flowering of “Australian” art has suddenly come about under our very noses. And since my guess is no better than yours I make no excuse for lifting the answer from the catalogue introduction, brilliantly written by Robert Hughes who, at 25, is both artist and critic of distinction.

Until comparatively recent years Australia's isolation from the mainstream of European art was virtually complete. How complete may be

A portrait of Helena Rubinstein by Australian artist William Dobell at the Whitechapel Gallery. At bottom: A Barbara Hepworth sculpture, Curved Form: Wave II, bronze with strings, at Gimpel Fils



judged from the fact that there has never been an exhibition of Italian Old Masters in the country and that “it was (and is) impossible for a stay-at-home Australian to see any number of significant works of art done in Europe between 700 B.C. and A.D. 1800.”

The country's knowledge of Impressionism was (and still is) almost

entirely second-hand, and its acquaintance with Post-Impressionism, Cubism and Surrealism dates from 1939 when a travelling exhibition shook the country—20 years late.

Even bearing in mind that by no means all Australian painters are stay-at-homes—many have worked or are working in Europe and several are Europeans who have emigrated to Australia—the present exhibition suggests that this isolation has not been entirely a bad thing. As Mr. Hughes puts it: "*They have no tradition readily available to profit from; neither can the same tradition oppress them from sheer weight. . . . The exhilarating sense of starting from scratch exists here on a far deeper level than in Europe.*"

There, surely, is the secret—the exhilaration of starting from scratch. So many modern artists (Dubuffet, for example) in our tired old continent have given their souls for it, but failed to get it. Yet many of these Australians had it as a birthright!

Now they are in the unique position of being the originators of a tradition. This exhibition shows the heterogeneous foundations on which it will rise. It shows, too, that for the most part the men who are laying the foundations are aware of their tremendous responsibility and are big enough to shoulder it.

After 30 years of quiet admiration for her work I met Barbara Hepworth for the first time the other day at Gimpel's where, surrounded by her latest works, she confirmed my long-held impression of her as a sculptor literally in love with her materials ("*I've never cared for clay*").

I had the feeling that the beautiful objects of wood and stone on which she had lavished so much labour of love were as dear to her as any children to their mother; the only difference is that, unlike most children, her "children" are as attractive to a host of other people as to herself. In these days when most sculptors strive so hard after sensationalism, her seeming lack of adventurousness has become her greatest virtue.



COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Mr. Partridge's birds

Albert Adair

THERE IS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS COLLECTION OF CHINESE Cloisonné birds from the showrooms of Frank Partridge in New Bond Street. The crane on the left is from the Chien Lung period (1736-1795) and is more expensive than that on the right, from the Tao Kuang period (1821-1850). Now why should this be? Comparing the two designs, does there seem to be any sign of degeneration in the drawing or the modelling of the Tao Kuang bird? Yet work of this period has not yet achieved the reputation of Chien Lung in the world of collectors; it is worth deciding now if it is not the time to start buying Tao Kuang.

Frank Partridge & Sons deal in works of art of all kinds, but specialize in pairs of Chinese Cloisonné birds; of those shown here all are one of a pair apart from one quail (*second from the left*), and

they are all four to six times as expensive as the single quail.

The colour range of the enamels is wide and gilt is extensively used for legs, feet and beaks. But why Cloisonné? Cloisonné is one of many ways of enamelling; others are Champlève, Basse-Taille, Plique à Jour, painted and encrusted. In Cloisonné the required design is outlined on the metal base with narrow bands (*cloissons*) of copper, silver or gold, which are soldered edgewise to the metal surface to form a pattern of shallow cells. Finely powdered and coloured enamels, mixed with a thin paste of orchid root and water, are then packed tightly into the cells and fired at an enormous heat. After fusing, it is first filed, then smoothed with pumice stone and finally polished by means of crocus powder and charcoal.

Fine gold, silver or pure copper are the best surfaces on which to enamel. Silver is the most difficult but gives the more brilliant result. The composition and the colouring of the enamel itself are processes too complicated to be entered into here. But it is a fact that since enamelling was introduced many centuries ago into China from Europe no new method of enamelling has been discovered though some improvements in techniques have been introduced.



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The builder alongside has an unfair advantage—she only needs the barest and subtlest of touches to bring her face into sharp focus. But they transform her just the same—take a look at the pictures. The build-up begins with a foundation. Penny Noel uses Leichner's Kamera Klear in brunette fair (1) which camouflages her slight tendency to broken red veins. She leaves her skin bare of powder—that's a growing trend with the young—equally good for this is Countess Csaky's Jeunesse, a greenish cream that just leaves the skin with a dulled and softened surface. A jar costs 9s. from Marshall & Snelgrove. Her eyebrows are inclined to stop short without defining the entire eye area—she carries them outward with small strokes of Max Factor's eyebrow pencil (2) in brownish black. Many eye structures can be transformed by slight plucking under the outer contours of the brow—the more space left between eye and brow, the better. Her eyeshadow is the newest kind, Lancôme's Ombre-Mat which touches on in a compressed powder form. The shade starred to bring out the best in these bright brown eyes was Saphir Pailleté. Eyelining (3) has a vital preliminary, the application of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Kajal within the lower lid with a fine brush. Then Revlon's liquid eyeliner in black comes into play (4) with a minute rimming of eyes that slopes out sharply at the sides (Penny's round eye architecture can take any amount of outward movement). Finale in the eye routine is a brushing of lashes with Cyclax automascara which combines a comb with a mascara rod (5). Her technique with lips is a brush out with Yardley's Ace of Spades bright pink lipstick. For final results see above.



BUILD UP



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY WARNER

WEDDINGS

Dennes—Boyle: Elizabeth Anne, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Dennes, of Poulshot, Devizes, Wiltshire, was married to Richard Gurney, younger son of the late Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., and Lady Boyle of Ockham, Sussex, at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield



Gallaher—Foster-Brown: Pamela Geraldine, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Gallaher, of the Ministry of Lands & Surveys, Dar es Salaam, was married to Christopher, elder son of Rear-Admiral & Mrs. R. S. Foster-Brown, of Hurley, Berkshire, at St. Alban's Church, Dar es Salaam



YEVONDE

Miss Alison Munro Kerr to Mr. Michael Derek Clive Watkins. *She* is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Munro Kerr of Puck Hill, Wadhurst, Sussex. *He* is the only son of Mr. D. V. Watkins, and of Mrs. A. H. Stringer of Glencairn, Caterham



TONY O'MALLEY

Miss Consuelo Cruess Callaghan to Mr. Brian E. O'Connor. *She* is daughter of Dr. & Mrs. George Cruess Callaghan, of Blackrock, Co. Dublin. *He* is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel & Mrs. Joseph A. O'Connor, of Farnborough, Hampshire

ENGAGEMENTS

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. R. H. Bellis and Miss G. B. Honey

The engagement is announced between Roger Hugh Bellis, R.E.M.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bellis of Knutsford, Cheshire, and Georgina Beatrice, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Honey, Pusey, Berkshire.

Mr. W. E. Wall and Miss V. J. R. Honey

The engagement is announced between William Edward Wall, R.E.M.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wall of Edinburgh, and Valerie June Roni, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Honey, Tudor Lodge, Pusey, Berkshire.

Mr. J. L. Russell and Miss E. B. Mynors

The engagement is announced between Jeremy Lagmore, younger son of the late Harold George Bedford Russell and of Mrs. Bedford Russell, of Kingston St. Mary, Somerset, and Elizabeth Baskerville, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. B. Mynors, of Whitmoor House, Sutton Green, Guildford, Surrey.

Mr. J. E. Bury and Miss D. M. Incedon-Webber

The engagement is announced between John Edward, only son of Colonel J. Bury of Berden Hall Lodge, Berden, Near Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, and Lady Fisher, and step-son of Brigadier Sir Gerald Fisher, K.B.E., C.S.I., C. B., of Cross, Little Torrington, North Devon, and Diana Mary, eldest daughter of Lt. Colonel and Mrs. G. S. Incedon-Webber of St. Brannocks, Brantton, N. Devon.

Mr. D. C. P. R. Jowett and Miss J. A. West

The engagement is announced between David Colin Patrick Robert Jowett, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. P. C. Jowett, of Dungen, Sherborne, Dorset, and Jennifer Anne West, eldest daughter of Mrs. Johnson and stepdaughter of Mr. J. M. Johnson, of Field House, Houghton Hill, Huntingdon.

Dr. P. D. Blade and Miss D. M. Price

The engagement is announced between Patrick David, son of Mrs. W. E. Hughes, 8 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1, and Diana Mary, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Price, Brynhyfryd, West Cross, Swansea.

Mr. I. W. Hanwell and Miss A. van den Berg

The engagement is announced between Ian William, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hanwell, of Pinfold House, Ruskington, Lincolnshire, and Annemarie, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. A. van den Berg, of 14 Sheldon Avenue, Highgate, N.6.

Mr. M. C. Morton and Miss R. J. K. Adams

The engagement is announced between Michael Christopher, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morton, of 44 The Grove, Christchurch, Hampshire, and Rosemary Jessie Kingston, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. G. Adams and Mrs. Adams, of Bringewood, Waterloo Hill, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.

Mr. R. R. Howell and Miss J. Adams

The engagement is announced between Robert Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Howell, of Old Wish Road, Eastbourne, and Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Adams, of 11 Upper Kings Drive, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Lieut. R. J. Emerson, R.N., and Miss J. V. Marshall

The engagement is announced between Ralph John, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Emerson, of Syon Lane, Osterley, Middlesex, and Jan Vivien, only daughter of Mr. T. B. Marshall, D.F.C., and Mrs. T. B. Marshall, of Maltravers Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.

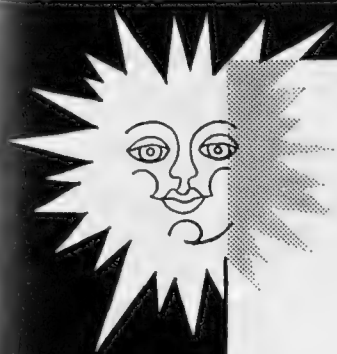
Mr. A. S. M. Campbell and Miss J. Heath

The engagement is announced between Angus Stewart Macdonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, of Banstead Road South, Sutton, Surrey, and Judy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. H. Heath, of Butler's Cross, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

Dr. E. J. Watson-Williams and Dr. M. C. Newmark

The engagement is announced between Edward John Watson-Williams, of University College, Ibadan, Nigeria, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. Watson-Williams, of Domus, Cranmer Road, Cambridge, and Margaret Cope Newmark, of University College, Ibadan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Newmark, of 42 Waxwell Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 682 for details



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LANCÔME



DINING IN

Papers of naturalization

Helen Burke

IT IS MIDSUMMER BY THE CALENDAR, BUT EARLY SUMMER IN THE MINDS of most of us. Peas in the pod are plentiful. So are broad beans, young carrots and good small turnips—but the vegetables in which I am most interested at the moment are those that in the past were usually imported from abroad, but which are now being produced by our own market-gardeners in ever-increasing quantities. And make no mistake, they are much better flavoured than the ones we get from the Continent (or even farther afield) if only because the time-lag between their being harvested and eaten is so much less.

Nowadays we have home-grown *courgettes* and baby marrows, grown under glass. Crops of green peppers, produced commercially during the war, proved that we could successfully grow our own. Golden Bantam corn, too, goes into larger production each year and corn-on-the-cob is not the comparative rarity it used to be. And globe artichokes are no longer a "foreign" vegetable.

For me the first English *courgettes* and baby marrows are more important than peas, if only because I have to hunt them out. The little marrows are the better flavoured of the two. I repeat what I have said before: People with gardens should pick their marrows when they are not more than 8 inches in length. They can then be sure that the seeds will be soft enough to be eaten.

Unless you like fully-grown vegetable marrow, first boiled and then covered with a blanket of white sauce, more than I do, try the smaller ones this way: For 4 servings, thinly peel 2 to 3 marrows of 7 to 8 inches in length. Dice or cut them into rounds. Season them well and gently cook them with a walnut of butter and 1 to 2 tablespoons of water in a tightly lidded pan. They will be ready in 15 to 20 minutes. Place in a heated serving dish and spoon the "essence" of the sauce over them.

For a change, gently cook a finely chopped onion in the butter and water for a few minutes before adding the marrow. Add also, if you like, one or two chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes. A sprinkling of chopped fresh basil or dried basil will give an added flavour.

MARROW AU GRATIN makes a light summer meal, but sufficiently nourishing to qualify as a main dish. Here again small marrows are required. For 4 servings, peel 2 to 3 of them and cut them into wedges, seeds and all. Place them in a saucepan with a chopped onion, a walnut or two of butter, a *bouquet garni* (half a small bay leaf, several bruised stalks of parsley and a tiny sprig of fresh thyme, tied together) and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint light stock (could be $\frac{1}{2}$ chicken cube and hot water). Season to taste, remembering that the cube will be well salted. Cook, covered.

When the marrow is translucent, drain off the stock and make a good white sauce with it. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and cook a flat tablespoon of plain flour in it, without colouring it. Remove and stir the stock into it, together with enough single cream or top milk to make a good breakfast in all. Bring to the boil and simmer to thicken the sauce.

Add the marrow and leave to cool a little. Work 2 tablespoons of grated cheese (Swiss or Cheddar) into 2 beaten egg yolks. Mix into the marrow. Fold the stiffly beaten egg whites into the mixture. Turn all into a buttered casserole, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches deep. Stir 2 tablespoons of breadcrumbs into a walnut of melted butter. Cool. Mix into them another tablespoon of grated cheese and sprinkle all on top of the marrow mixture. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 4.

RATATOUILLE, for which the French coast of the Mediterranean is justly proud, is a wonderful and most accommodating dish. For 6 servings start with 4 tablespoons of olive, groundnut (arachide) or maize oil in a large frying-pan. (One of these electric frypans is excellent.) Arrange on the bottom 3 onions, first halved and then sliced. Cover and simmer for a few minutes. Follow with a finely-chopped clove of garlic, a good-sized unpeeled aubergine, if available, cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices, 4 sliced fair-sized green sweet peppers, freed of seeds and pith,

$\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 lb. unpeeled *courgettes*, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, and 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. thinly-sliced ripe tomatoes. Season each layer with a little salt and pepper. Finish with another finely chopped clove of garlic (optional).

Put the lid on tightly and cook gently for 35 to 40 minutes. It is likely that there will be a little more moisture than you want, so remove the lid during the last 10 minutes to allow the excess to evaporate.

If you want the best cooked CORN ON THE COB you can manage, see that it is young enough and hope that it will have been gathered at the last possible moment before being marketed. Or, if you grow corn in your garden, pick it and take it to the kitchen without delay.

To judge of its youthfulness, draw back a tassel a little and insert your thumb nail into a kernel. If the juice spurts, the corn will be good; if there is only a little juice, it will be fair; if there is no juice, the corn will only be fit for the chicken run.

For up to 8 cobs, bring a pan of unsalted water to the boil, drop the cobs into it and, from the time the water reboils, give them 5 minutes. Remove, serve at once with plenty of butter, and pass salt and pepper.

MAN'S WORLD

And now couture for us

David Morton

IN THE AUTUMN IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO BUY A SUIT, MADE TO MEASURE by a firm with nearly 100 years' experience and designed by one of the most fashion-conscious men in Britain, for between £16 and £25. The tailors are Hepworths, and the designer is Hardy Amies.

Hepworths is the oldest and the largest independent multiple tailoring organization in the country, with nearly 300 branches. Since 194 the emphasis has been on made-to-measure tailoring at a price within the reach of any man. This is possible because cloth is bought in large quantities, and because the logistics of tailoring on a large scale have been meticulously attended to. The personal tailor is replaced by the branch manager, who must be an expert measurer, and be able to transmit to the cutter in the factory a visual picture of the customer.

The cutter—one of 50—will vary the pattern for the chosen style to make sure of perfect fit, and mark up the cloth. He then cuts it into about 15 oddly shaped pieces and sends it to the next stages—machine, hand sewing, pressing and so on.

So far, so good; but Hepworths admit fashion authority has been lacking in their policy towards dress. To remedy this they have retained Hardy Amies as a consultant designer, to advise on styling over the whole range of Hepworths clothes. In addition he is to design a specific collection of clothes, to be presented for the first time this autumn.

Hardy Amies is of course thought of primarily as a couturier—he has made clothes for the Queen and holds the Royal Warrant. But he has also been active in the field of men's accessories, designing in the last few years ties, shirts, pyjamas, dressing gowns and marketing a range of men's toiletries. He feels that designing for fashion is basically a problem of bringing out the best in the wearer of the clothes; of making people feel well dressed and well groomed.

This simple and rational philosophy towards dress is confirmed in Mr. Amies's attitude to the style he hopes to promote. He hopes to maintain the position of the well-dressed Briton as the ideal of well-dressed men all over the world. He suggests that, possibly due to our inherent love of understatement, we have been too timid in promoting the British Look, and have been too much influenced by foreign trends. So the time has come to state firmly and clearly that our own sort of clothes are what we want to wear.

None of Mr. Amies's designs is yet available for inspection; but his aims are to "develop and establish a basic style that is so 'with it,' so strongly conscious of these modern, lively influences from abroad, that it uses the best features of them to produce a new British Line."

Judging from Hepworths standard of cloth and tailoring, and Mr. Amies's inventive elegance, we can expect something exciting.

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Gordon Wilkins with the Ford Consul Classic

MOTORING

Classic draws the crowds

Gordon Wilkins

NO CAR I HAVE DRIVEN LATELY HAS ATTRACTED AS MUCH ATTENTION AS the Ford Consul Classic I have been using for the past few days. Crowds gathered wherever it stopped; passing drivers hastily parked their cars to come back for a look or, when it passed them on the road, set out in pursuit for a closer look. In this they rarely succeeded, for it nips along very smartly.

Women like its gay two-tone colour schemes, crisp lines, airy interior and neat fittings. The long accelerator and brake pedals and the treadle accelerator are well shaped for feminine shoes and the gear change, whether you choose the centre lever or the steering column type, is accurate and light to handle. Doors have two-position checks which are excellent for holding them open on steep hills though the powerful springs necessary need more force than usual to overcome them. Some women passengers complained that the doors did not open wide enough, not realizing they only had them half-open. Seats have backrests of generous size. The sliding adjustment is controlled by a big easy-to-reach lever at the side and the seat rises as it goes forward. Controls on the *de luxe* model include key starter, combined screen wiper and washer, a headlamp flasher button built into the end of the direction indicator lever, and a full horn ring.

I liked the softly padded sun visors which can be swung sideways to trap the low rays of the setting sun, and the inconspicuous coat hooks which should not cause head injuries in an accident. The wipers are a new type with variable speed motor. Most passengers fail to find the inside door handles first time—they are concealed under the armrests and easy to work when you spot them. The heater-ventilation system has separate controls that allow hot air to go to the feet while cool

air goes to the head, an excellent precaution against winter drowsiness.

Four headlamps give a good beam for fast driving and a wide clipped beam to pick out cyclists and pedestrians. The luggage trunk is enormous and for a TV stunt we packed three grown men in it. The fuel filler is concealed, American-style, behind a hinged rear number plate. My own long distance checks are not yet completed but Fords say the nine-gallon tank gives a range of 300 miles.

Seen by itself the Classic looks a big and imposing car, but put alongside a Zephyr or Zodiac it looks quite compact; in fact its headlamps are no higher than a Zodiac's fog lamps. Detroit influence seems to have been strong in its design and on American insistence the rear springs were made more supple to give a softer ride over rough roads. This allows it to wallow a little more than the Anglia when cornering fast, though it does not roll excessively.

There are disc brakes on the front wheels with no servo, and more than average pressure is needed to produce a quick stop in city traffic, but they are fine when driving fast. The engine is smooth and quiet when cruising at 60; below 25 in top it becomes rougher. You can go up to 60 or so in third when overtaking and in top it seems to wind up to about 80.

The Classic is a typical example of the new type of popular car demanded by higher European living standards. I suppose General Motors will have to reply before long with something new in the Vauxhall range. And with the Fiat 1500 doing 94 m.p.h., the B.M.C. 1½-litre models, especially the twin carburettor Magnette and Riley, could use more performance to meet European competition. Out in Australia the B.M.C. Sydney factory has stretched the 1½-litre engine to 1,622 c.c., and that would certainly be an appropriate move over here, but with the enormous investment involved in modern mass production these things don't happen overnight.

Engine sizes moving up among the lower priced cars will also increase the competitive pressure on more expensive models like the Hillman Minx, and it would not surprise me if Rootes joined the movement and took the Minx away up into the 1.6-litre class to join the Rapier and the Alpine when the next facelift or body change falls due.



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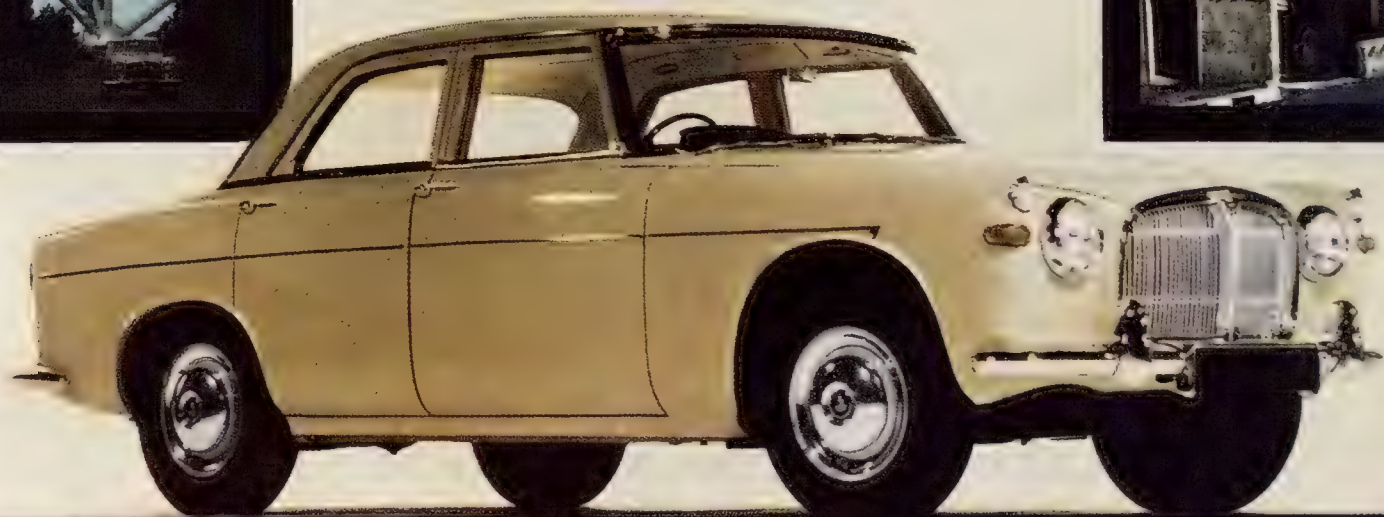


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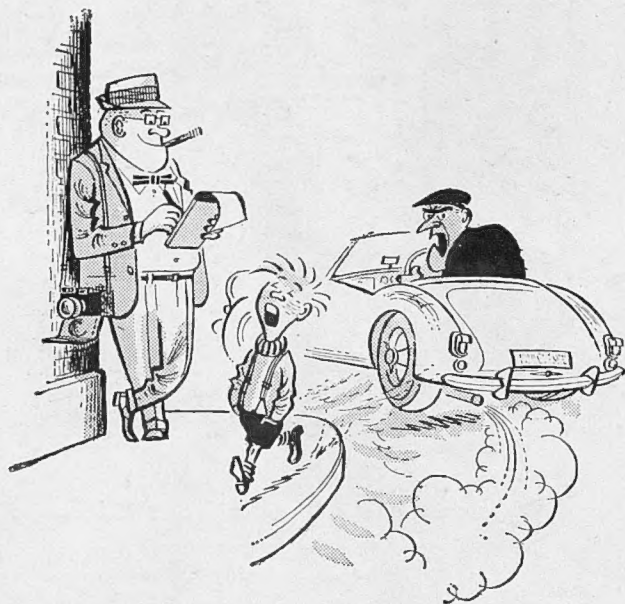
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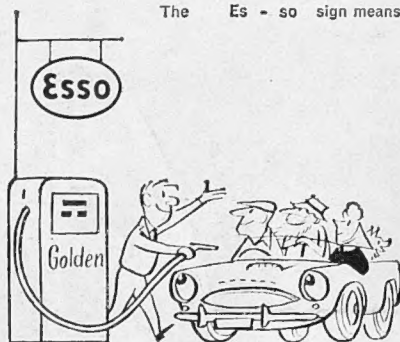
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